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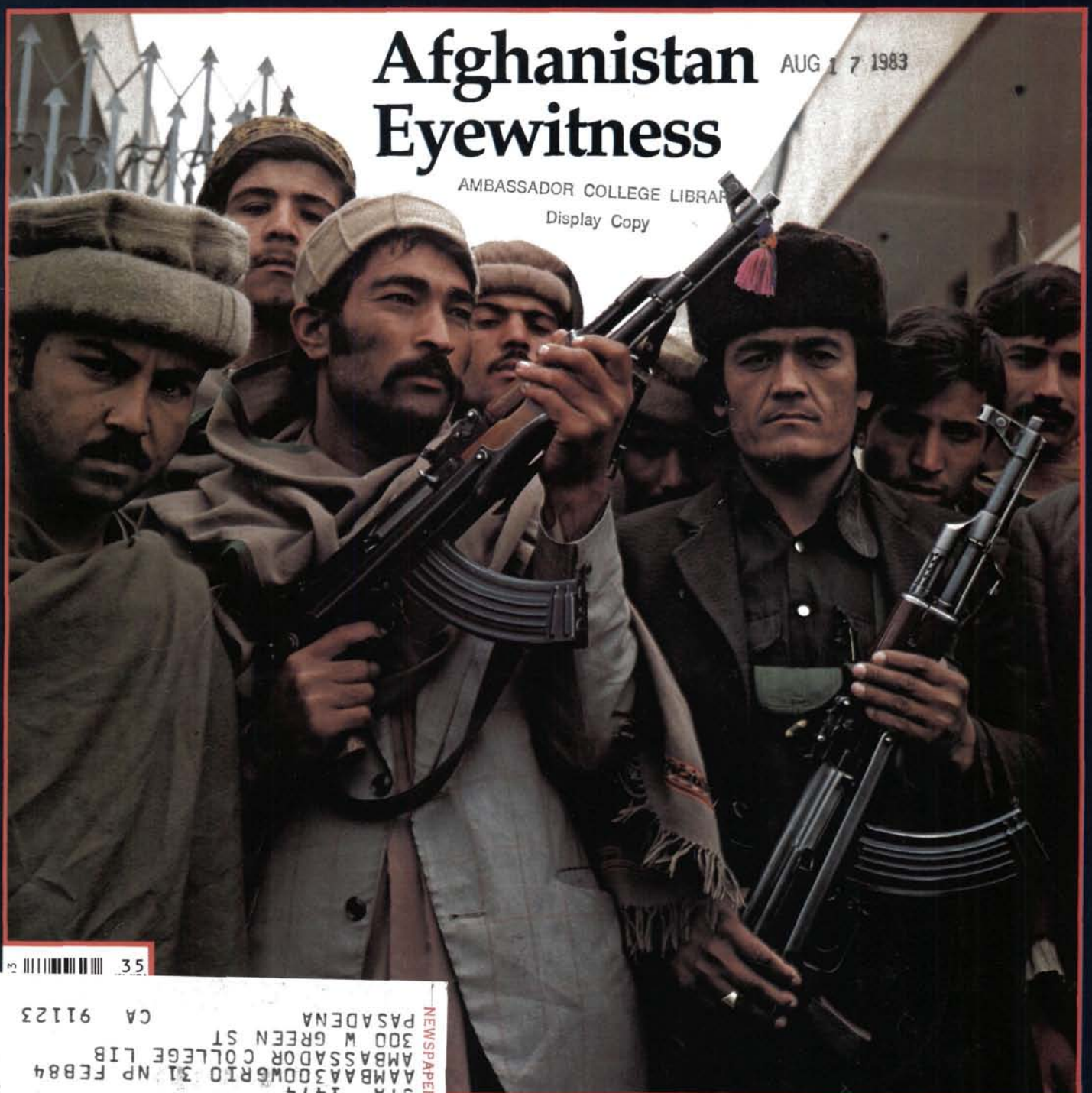
The late W*lt*r Cr*nk*te, by Henry Fairlie

Robert Coles on war's children • Eugene McCarthy on baseball

THE NEW REPUBLIC



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CORRESPONDENCE

OBLIQUE MYSTIQUE

To the editors:

I was pleased that THE NEW REPUBLIC solicited a review of recent feminist theory ("Beyond the Feminist Mystique," TNR, July 11). Also pleasing is that Benjamin Barber shows generally intelligent interest in a subject often neglected by his colleagues. Two corrections are in order, nonetheless.

Mr. Barber concludes that feminist theory has gone through massive oscillations during the past fifteen years: first suggesting that women become like men in order to lead a more fulfilling life; then discovering that women didn't want to be men; and most recently, praising women's differences from men and opting for "a realistic appreciation of sexual differences."

This history is a perversion of the actual experiences of those who wrote that earliest theory, learned its limits through political and personal experience, revised earlier ideas, and continue to write theory that builds on a now centuries-old effort to understand the sources of women's inequality and to articulate these in ways truthful to women's lives. Not fickleness, but creative growth has led to the stage that Mr. Barber applauds and misconstrues.

A basic feminist premise from Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792) to the present day is that the differences observed between women and men are not inherent and biologically determined. Differences are the consequence, Wollstonecraft asserted, of men's denying education to women and hedging their existences with restrictive laws, customs, employment, and marital expectations. All succeeding feminists have agreed that there may be natural differences between the sexes other than their reproductive organs. Since every recorded society teaches boys and girls from birth how to become men and women, however, we have no idea what these "natural differences" might be. Feminists have consistently argued that gender is socially taught and not genetically based.

The impetus of third-stage feminist theory is *not* to claim a new, albeit lauded, sphere for women. It is to demonstrate the value of those *human* virtues that women have developed more often than men, at least partially because of the restrictions on women's lives. The aim is to incorporate these desirable human traits into all our institutions—not to leave them the exclusive province of women. We are asking men to change, which may be a message Mr. Barber did not want to read.

PHYLLIS MARYNICK PALMER
Washington D.C.

To the editors:

Benjamin Barber used a masculine ending in a Latin expression. It should be "ad feminam," not "ad feminem."

G. H. WEIL
Kansas City, Missouri

PROTESTANT POLITICS

To the editors:

Joshua Muravchik's "Pliant Protestants" (TNR, June 13) is a blatant illustration of biased "research." Let me cite only those references that have a direct bearing on my role as a United Methodist bishop and as president of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States.

Mr. Muravchik writes of my "impassioned plea . . . that there be no investigation" of the National Council of the Churches of Christ. Appearing before the Council of Bishops of the United Methodist Church I did make an "impassioned" defense of the N.C.C.C. At no time did I suggest there should be no "investigation." Two months before the bishops met in Little Rock I wrote in my column in the *Hoosier United Methodist* (March 1983): "My guess is that a 'blue ribbon' committee will be named by our Council of Bishops. I rather hope so. There is nothing to hide and such a response would reassure thoughtful and concerned questioners."

Mr. Muravchik also quoted a statement written by Robert McAfee Brown and signed by six others of us following a visit to Cuba in 1977. That statement praised certain aspects of the Cuban revolution. However, Mr. Muravchik did not bother to cite two of my "Special Correspondence" items that appeared in the August 1977 issues of *The Christian Century*. Nor did he indicate any knowledge of *From The Underside*, written four years later, in which I refer to Cuba's controlled press, the denial of individual freedom and human rights in Cuba, religious repression, military adventurism in Africa, and thousands of political prisoners held by Castro. In that same slim volume I write: "Military violence is military violence whether we are talking about Africa, Vietnam, P.L.O. terrorism, the invasion of Lebanon or Afghanistan, whether we are talking about the opportunism of the communist world, the profiteering of arms merchants in the West, or the mad continuation of the arms race. . . . There can be no double standard between East and West, between socialist and capitalist. Justice requires faithfulness wherever human values are defiled or human dignity is denied."

Mr. Muravchik chose to let *Reader's Digest*, "60 Minutes," and the Institute on Religion and Democracy do his homework for him. His "research" was maliciously ill-informed.

I once subscribed to THE NEW REPUBLIC and read it avidly. Slowly my interest waned. The article "Pliant Protestants" is a perfect illustration of the deterioration of a once noble journal.

JAMES ARMSTRONG
National Council of the Churches of Christ

Mr. Muravchik replies:

Bishop Armstrong's speech to the Methodist Council of Bishops came amidst a debate over whether or not to form a special committee to look into the validity of criticisms of the N.C.C. and other church bodies. While conceding that "there is room for improvement," Bishop Armstrong argued that "the mechanism is in place" in the form of an N.C.C. committee that he himself had appointed prior to "the present fuss and fury." The *United Methodist Reporter* of May 13 cited Bishop Armstrong's speech as representative of "a minority of perhaps 15 percent of the voting bishops [who] argued during most of the week that special action by the council would give the issues concerning the N.C.C. and W.C.C. more attention than is warranted."

The statement that Bishop Armstrong and six other religious leaders issued upon their return from Cuba did not only praise "certain aspects of the Cuban revolution." It also, and this was what I quoted in my article, took upon itself the ugly task of excusing Cuba's holding of political prisoners. Now, six

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,580

WASHINGTON, D.C. — AUGUST 29, 1983

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 189, Number 9, Issue 3,580, August 29, 1983. (Printed on August 10, 1983.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, August 15 & 22, and September 19 & 26) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2.00 (includes postage & handling).

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (N.Y. state residents 800-732-9119).

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FROM WASHINGTON

EXPERT ADVICE

What's the best way for a President to tuck a problem under the flap of daily news events? Why, appoint a commission, that handy tool for getting people to withhold judgment and suspend disbelief in the Chief of State for a while. Here's what happens: the commissioners settle in for weeks of long sessions, 220 million people refocus their attention elsewhere, and fifteen people who couldn't possibly agree in the first place eventually hammer out a report that, if done expertly, almost no one can understand.

Some have snickered about Ronald Reagan's commissioneering, and it would be the easy, popular thing to add one more voice to the chorus of those mocking our national leader. But it would be wrong. This Administration should not be discouraged from bringing in experts. A few experts this crowd could use.

Anyway, Henry Kissinger is not about to put Central America under a bushel. In spite of predictions that Señor Henry plans to play this one low key, he has already settled comfortably into journalistic salons around town to tell his story, including the part about how reluctant and hesitant he was to take the job. Uh huh, sure, Henry. Quiet diplomacy for H.A.K. means you don't call the wires.

Now we have the President's Claude Rains-like avowal that he is shocked, shocked to learn that there is hunger going on in this country. Disingenuous? Perhaps, but there is something to be said for getting a commission of experts from outside the White House to figure out why so many people have slipped below the poverty line since January 1981. Someone has to decide what to do about the nation's needy, and if it's a commission then it won't be the distinctly unhungry Ed Meese.

Reagan did all right with his MX and Social Security commissions, but his overall record with commissions, committees, task forces, and surveys has been spotty. His National Productivity Advisory Committee, established in 1981, was supposed to advise the government on ways to crack the whip. Headed by former Treasury Secretary William Simon, this group, which included Reagan's old kitchen cabinet buddy Justin Dart and a variety of corporate bigwigs, got into trouble when it became the lobbying arm of the Administration, putting the squeeze on Congress to get breaks for savings and loan institutions, drug patent-holders, and other down-on-their-luck hardship cases. Since one of its members was from General Motors, some people thought it was a little unseemly when the commission started pushing for a rollback in Clean Air Act standards for autos. You can take the boy out of Detroit, but you can't etc.

Remember the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control? That was Reagan's rubric for turning loose hundreds of business executives to root out costly waste in government without ever telling anyone who these business executives were. (Even a lawsuit failed to get the names.) This effort sent Representative Glenn English, Democrat of Oklahoma, up the wall. The committee, said English, "has exhibited all of the worst features of the government bureaucracies that it is investigating." He charged that efforts to keep the government from paying for the group merely meant that the expenses were reshifted to the public via tax write-offs.

Another Reagan commission was aimed at promoting radio broadcasts to Cuba, a $200,000-a-year operation that had the benefit of political views ranging from those of rich arch-rightwinger Joseph Coors to those of rich arch-rightwinger Richard Scaife. The obligatory Democrat on that one was the man now negotiating in Central America, Richard Stone.

There are more. Reagan's International Private Enterprise Task Force, for example, is notable primarily for having Frank Perdue as a member. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, a long-running Presidential commission now headed by former Redskin coach George Allen, is an all-star team under this Administration. It's got Roger Staubach, Donn D. Moomaw, the Reagans' showbiz-style preacher who was once an all-American lineman at U.C.L.A., and, representing those who prefer to let the horses do the running, our old friend Wayne Newton.

The total bill for all commissions, and it must be said that so far Reagan has about the same number as his recent predecessors, is about $11 million a year, give or take a few hundred thousand. That's birdfeed when a group such as the Scowcroft Commission leverages the MX, at a cost of $40 billion. Still, the out-of-pocket cost of commissions should go down this year: Reagan has allowed the Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research to fade into the bureaucratic sunset. (Only the Carter Administration would have picked a name like that one. Reagan would have called it the Kildare Commission.) When it became apparent that Ted Kennedy liked the commission's report, and that it had dared to recommend a "floor below which no one ought to fall" in health care, said report was swiftly declared D.O.A. at the White House gates. (This is not unlike Nixon's less successful efforts to ignore two Presidential commissions, one on pornography and the other on marijuana. The first said that porn did not necessarily make you go blind and the second rhapsodized about the tax income possibilities of legalized pot. Nixon turned up his nose, but U.S. archivists report that they are still among the most dog-eared of public records.)

The smartest advisory group in this Administration to date was the Task Force on Private Sector Initiatives, which was shrewd enough to accompany its report with a movie. It was a twelve-minute videotape showing people glowing with happiness over private sector initiatives, and when the house lights went up in the Executive Mansion Reagan said touchingly, "How do you talk with a grapefruit in your throat?" Then he presented the group's chairman, C. William Verity, with a gold-plated tire gauge to measure future accomplishments of the private sector. There was not a dry eye in the house.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 29, 1983

REAGAN'S PRESSURE POINTS

When not hypnotized by the nuances of the latest straw poll, the media have focused their campaign attention on "special interests." More precisely, they have focused on the Democratic Presidential hopefuls' various efforts to woo women, minorities, unions, teachers, and homosexuals. Walter Mondale in particular has drawn fire for the perception that he will cynically curry favor with any bloc that can deliver votes, regardless of what it asks in return. This characterization has by now congealed into conventional wisdom. Mr. Mondale protests that he has received unfair treatment, but the armchair analysts do have a point. There is a danger when pluralism goes on a stampede, bowling over the interests of both the individual and the public. All the more reason, then, to examine the record of the incumbent.

Oddly enough Ronald Reagan has escaped the criticism that he panders to pressure groups. The media tacitly accept the idea that it is the Democrats who must prove their ability to transcend special interests. Behind this notion lies the assumption that the President has the guts to stand up for the national interest when faced with the clamor of narrow constituencies. The assumption is wrong. Mr. Reagan's favored interests are very narrow indeed. The President has neither restrained government power nor resisted group power. On the contrary, he has used government to side with the big and the rich against the small and the poor. Because he prefers postures to policy, Mr. Reagan pretends he has revolutionized government in a compassionate way. Part actor, part reactor, the President is wholly deceptive, as a brief survey demonstrates:

Supply-side economics: Far from raising federal revenues and thereby reducing deficits, as the free-lunchers promised, Mr. Reagan's tax cuts have helped create by far the highest deficits ever. What's more, the long-overdue economic recovery owes its existence to the demand side (personal consumption rose by 18 percent between March and May). The Administration pulled the oldest Keynesian trick in the book: stifle inflation by inducing a recession. During the protracted slump, unemployment shot up and small businesses suffered. As for the personal tax break for the rich, the extra money has likely gone to unproductive expenditures. Mr. Reagan shows no inclination to plug egregious tax loopholes. David Stockman's Trojan Horse rolls onward, deficits go upward, and scarcely a drop has trickled downward.

Energy: The Administration's energy policy—if that is not too dignified a term—has consistently supported subsidies for the flagging nuclear power industry and the fledgling synthetic fuels industry. Neither industry addresses long-term energy security, and both fob off excessive costs on consumers. As the tenth anniversary of the first OPEC oil shock approaches, America remains vulnerable to blackmail. Mr. Reagan has chosen to insulate huge multinationals instead of the homes of taxpayers. And to cut the deficit (see *Supply-side* above), he has tried to skimp on the strategic petroleum reserve.

Agriculture: Mr. Reagan's Agriculture Secretary, John Block, literally lives high on the hog—six thousand hogs at last tally, on his giant Illinois farm. Mr. Block's response to beleaguered small farmers has been to support disproportionate government assistance for large farmers. This Administration, like its predecessors, faces a myriad of special interests within the agriculture community. Its reaction has been imaginative: it has given in to all except the neediest. Mr. Block's food stamp policy adds injury to insult. Having slashed $1.7 billion, he wants to cut another billion.

Environment and wilderness: The President's phalanx of conservatives against conservation has proved embarrassingly inept. Under Ann Burford the Environmental Protection Agency was so anxious to truckle to polluters that lobbying was unnecessary. Interior Secretary James Watt helped the President introduce a land "privatization" program because of its supposed appeal to business; now he has withdrawn the offer to sell off "excess" federal property because private business considers it unnecessary.

Transportation: The Administration's approach here is novel in that the powerful constituency to which it has succumbed happens to be a union. Transportation Secre-

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tary Elizabeth Dole announced plans to introduce a "Phase II" trucking deregulation bill in May, to close the loopholes in the initial deregulation program passed by Congress in 1980. For fear of offending the Teamsters, the White House has shelved this sensible legislative initiative.

Industrial policy: Yes, Mr. Reagan does have an industrial policy, though he scorns the term when Democrats use it. The Administration's industrial policy consists of bowing to business in almost any context. Pressure from the steel industry or the motorcycle industry leads to tariffs and quotas. Pressure from the auto industry leads to loosening of driver safety standards. Pressure from the meat industry leads to support of easier inspection standards. Pressure from the securities industry leads to the removal of officials who keep too close an eye on Wall Street. Pressure from industry in general leads to lax enforcement of occupational safety rules. The President routinely coddles business against competitors and consumers. The "free market" takes care of the rest.

Defense spending: The pro-corporate contagion has so infected Pentagon officials that in making the world safe for capitalism they can no longer tell when they're being duped. The Administration not only bows to the military industry's monopolists, it kowtows. Steadfastly tolerant of cost overruns, Caspar Weinberger brooks the free-spending behavior of military contractors, and in the process often rewards industry for a job poorly done. The latest disclosures reveal that a claw hammer costs taxpayers $435. Presumably Mr. Reagan can use this latest discovery to pound the Soviets into budgetary oblivion.

Miscellany: Would the staunchly conservative Administration push for rugged competition in health care policy? Not if it offended the American Medical Association and the insurance company lobbies. Would Mr. Reagan use his prestige and sterling pro-handgun credentials to oppose "cop-killer bullets"? Not if it offended the National Rifle Association. Would he take a stand for stronger enforcement of antitrust laws or against unproductive mergers? Not if it offended conglomerates and speculators.

The pattern that emerges suggests two interpretations. Perhaps the President means to stare down special interests, in which case he has proved pusillanimous. Or perhaps he means to assent to their every whim, in which case he is their prisoner. The Democratic candidates, busily attending to their own constituencies, have not managed to convey this valid and politically potent message. Democrats also must guard against the danger of pluralism run riot, a phenomenon this journal called "the new feudalism" during Jimmy Carter's tenure. Still, we wonder about what passes for "special interests" in the current lexicon. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak recently equated Mr. Mondale's "liberal activism" with "his intense public courtship of special-interest constituencies," such as his "extravagant promises to teacher lobbies." But why is the National Education Association so much more "special" than the National Rifle Association?

Part of the explanation for this curious inversion—which forces the Democrats to justify their affinity for average Americans while somehow accepting Reagan's affinity for privileged Americans as natural—rests on the Administration's brilliant management of the media. The President has lately been chided by his conservative friends for awkwardly trying to appease liberal constituencies. But commentators rarely remark that "his intense public courtship" of big business and the rich, as Evans and Novak might phrase it, amounts to nothing more than pandering to special interests. Another part of the explanation involves the upturn of the business cycle, which does help everyone. Like St. Augustine praying to the Lord for chastity, but not yet, the Democrats have spent most of the last year praying for economic recovery, but not yet. Now that it has come, no honest liberal can lament its arrival. A liberal may, of course, condemn the Reagan Administration for its economic biases. Similarly, no honest conservative can argue that, say, minorities are less worthy of a President's solicitude than multinationals. A conservative may, of course, contend that neither minorities nor multinationals deserve special attention—in which case he should condemn the Reagan Administration for its economic biases.

As the election approaches, two failures mar the political landscape. The Republican Administration has failed to free itself from the grip of special interests. And the Democratic opposition has failed to make the Republican failure plain. Mr. Reagan will probably not surmount his failure: He has a sincere aversion to offending society's most fortunate strata. The task for the Democrats is to show that the President's good manners don't always make for good policy.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE POLISH GOVERNMENT has announced the lifting of martial law, but not many have been taken in. General Jaruzelski took the precaution of writing into statute the repressions of martial law, including a provision making membership in Solidarity punishable by three years' imprisonment. The most important Solidarity leaders will not be freed. In particular, the seven most prominent, who one report described as "incorrigible political organizers," will continue to languish in Polish jails. It's heartening that the Reagan Administration has not accepted this charade, and has not lifted sanctions against the Polish government in return for a bureaucratic dance. Nevertheless, democracies are never good at maintaining sanctions against anyone. It's only a matter of time before voices are heard remarking on the "normalization" of Poland, and asking why the United States doesn't concede that Jaruzelski has won the day. We hope the response will be: He may have indeed have won the day, but the United States is not required to reward such victories.

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□ FOOD STAMPS NO, BLUE STAMPS YES: "His own naturally high spirits were engaged," wrote William F. Buckley Jr. last week in a column describing how David Niven once cheered up a "grumpy" Prince Rainier at a restaurant in Monaco, "but he was ministering primarily to the needy, and the neediest of all in this world are those who suffer not from hunger but from melancholy."

□ "LOFTON'S LAW NUMBER NINE: A Defense Department which refuses to wound drugged dogs will never defeat communism in Central America or anywhere." This comes from John Lofton, the *Washington Times* columnist and *Conservative Digest* editor. He might have added, but didn't, "Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war, / That this foul deed shall smell above the earth / With carrion men, groaning for burial."

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "We have here two tendencies, one towards an active policy in Latin America, the other away from cooperation with Europe. They form a dangerous mixture. . . . Latin America is divided into four great political areas—Central America, Brazil, Chile and the South American west coast and, finally, Argentina. About the first three of these areas, no dispute is likely to arise. Central America, including Cuba, is everywhere recognized as part of the Yankee empire, and the other powers have long since resigned themselves to keep off." ("A New Latin American Shuffle," The Editors, August 30, 1933.)

Reagan's 'sensitivity' campaign.

CIVIL RIGHTS WARS

OPPOSITION to civil rights is a trickier business these days than it used to be. When Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas called out the National Guard to keep ten black children out of Little Rock's Central High School in 1957, no one had to stop and ask which side he was on. The pictures in the newspapers made that clear enough. These days the battle lines are not so clearly drawn. *All* politicians claim to be ardent supporters of civil rights, regardless of how they think and act, purely as a matter of self-preservation. Just about everyone pays homage to equality in the abstract, while they bicker over technical questions of implementation for which the public has little appetite. In this environment, conservatives with a mind to chip away at civil rights are often able to avoid the political costs of their actions. They need only appropriate the vocabulary of the civil rights movement and cite rosy statistics that are impossible to interpret.

These observations are worth keeping in mind as the war of rhetoric between the Reagan Administration and the civil rights community escalates. Civil rights leaders have used President Reagan's attack on the independence of the Civil Rights Commission as a rallying point to criticize the Administration, and Reagan and the Justice Department have fired a salvo of their own, labeling unfavorable publicity a "smear campaign" by the press and boasting of an unparalleled civil rights record. The flap is doing nothing to raise the level of debate on civil rights. Part of the blame for the sad state of affairs lies with the press, and part with the President, who usually can set the terms of the debate. But unless civil rights advocates—who are strong on legislative lobbying—spell out their objections more clearly, people are going to start believing Attorney General William French Smith's charges that his critics are politically motivated "to create hostility among minority Americans."

The President, for his part, has had no trouble getting his message across, but that message holds out little promise for minorities. His address to the American Bar Association on August 1, for instance, was designed to answer charges that he is insensitive to the problem of discrimination against minorities; it merely confirmed them. When Reagan spoke out against "double standards that favor one group over another," he was not talking about standards that favor whites over blacks. He was not offering minorities protection against discrimination. On the contrary, he was denying them effective remedies even in the most pernicious cases of purposeful discrimination. And a group of business and professional women were not amused when Reagan spoke to them off-the-cuff on August 3 and delivered what is perhaps the most memorable line of his Presidency to date: "I happen to be one who believes that if it wasn't for women, us men would still be walking around in skin suits carrying clubs." So much for the women's vote.

In mid-July, for almost a week straight, the newspapers daily announced a new civil rights initiative by the Administration. Reagan was widely criticized for "orchestrating" the events—as he obviously was doing—but this was a silly point to pick a fight about. After all, what could be more orchestrated than a civil rights rally or a lunch counter sit-in? The real problem with "civil rights week" was that it was virtually all talk and no action. On July 9 Reagan announced plans to propose stiff fines for landlords found in violation of the 1968 Fair Housing Act. What he didn't announce was his opposition to a bipartisan amendment which would give the law real bite by appointing administrative judges to hear discrimination complaints, instead of sending victims to crowded federal courts. Two days later, Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights William Bradford Reynolds slapped Alabama with a suit for perpetuating a "dual system of public higher education based on race." But he kept quiet about the real reason for the sudden surge of activism: a federal court order forcing him to sue or risk the future of Alabama's federal funds.

The most urgent task for the civil rights community today is to fight the Administration's public relations dis-

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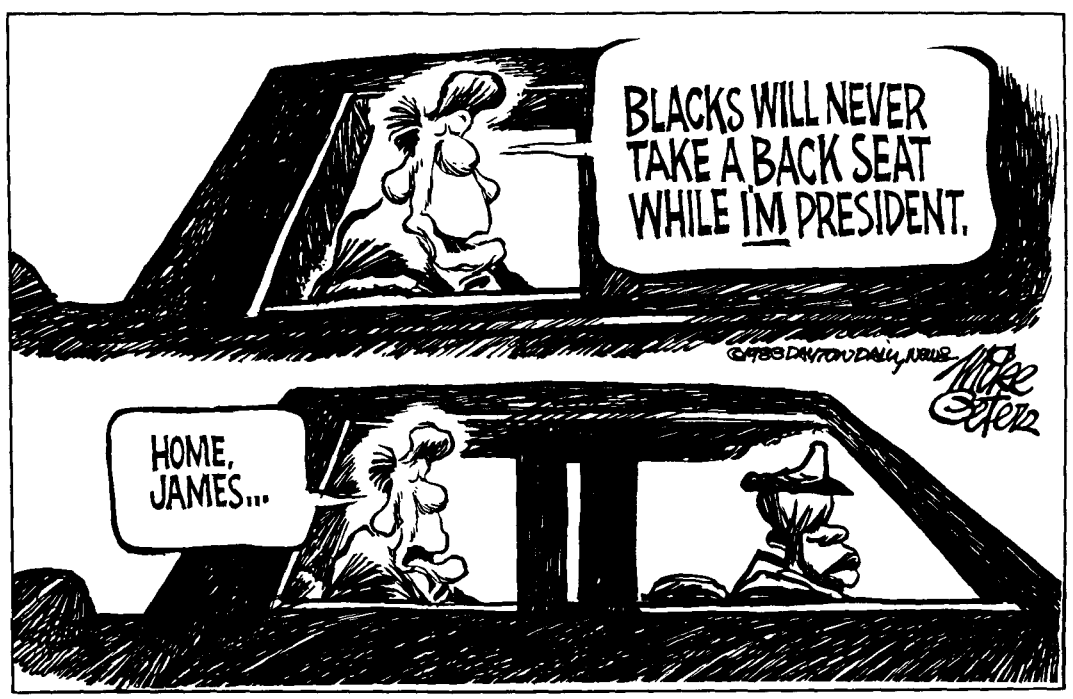
tortions by presenting the readily available truths about its policies. Reagan should not be permitted to paper over a sorely inadequate civil rights record with glib speeches denouncing the "misery merchants in the media" and symbolic gestures such as murmurings of his intention to support a national holiday in honor of Martin Luther King Jr. Voters sometimes have short attention spans, but there are a few facts about Ronald Reagan they should remember as he continues his crusade of compassion on behalf of America's blacks, Hispanics, and women.

One of Reagan's favorite fish stories is the saga of the Voting Rights Act extension, for which he still tries to take credit. The President signed a bill to extend the law's life last summer, but only after a curiously abrupt about-face. Defying a tradition of Presidential leadership on voting rights, Reagan broke a year-long vow of silence on the extension only after the House version passed by a vote of 389 to 24 and the bill went before the Senate. Then, on the bad advice of the Justice Department, Reagan proposed changes that would have made it easier for states with histories of discrimination to avoid federal review of new election laws, and harder for minorities to challenge local at-large election systems. Top figures in the Justice Department lobbied vigorously for these changes, and only after the bill's unstoppable momentum became apparent did Reagan declare his "heartfelt support" for it. Yet he persists in portraying himself as a key supporter of the extension.

The philosophical objections to some forms of affirmative action are far too serious to be summarily dismissed, but the Reagan Administration is so doctrinaire about "reverse discrimination" that it is unable to recognize valid distinctions. Legitimate questions have been raised about schemes that would use race instead of seniority to lay off workers, and college admission plans that use rigid quotas. But Reagan's wholesale rejection of goals and timetables—which are more flexible than quotas—to correct discrimination in employment have made justice more elusive for minorities. An ideal world would be "color-blind," but goals and timetables—and quotas, in the most intransigent cases—are sometimes the only way to get results. The Mississippi State Police, for example, who had failed to hire a single black state trooper for their entire history, were found guilty of discrimination in the early 1970s. When the department still had not hired a black several years later, a federal appeals court ordered it to hire one black trooper for every two whites. When "good faith" fails, courts can uphold the law only by issuing stern prescriptions.

Remember Reagan's big pitch about federalism and the sanctity of local initiatives? Apparently his promise to get the federal government off our backs doesn't apply to civil rights. From the very beginning, Reynolds announced his intention to seek a reversal of the Supreme Court's decision in *United Steelworkers* v. *Weber*, which upheld the legality of an agreement between labor and management to reserve half the spaces in a job training program for blacks. He followed up on that threat by entering the Justice Department in a suit challenging an out-of-court settlement between New Orleans and the city's black police officers. After a long history of discrimination, the city voluntarily agreed to promote one black for every white to all ranks in the department until each level was made up of 50 percent blacks. A federal court upheld these extreme terms because less than 3 percent of the department's ranking officers were black in a city that was 55 percent black. By suing the city for correcting a longstanding problem, the Reagan Administration is doing more than sending positive signals to racially discriminatory employers. It is discouraging those who are willing to redress discrimination on their own without a lengthy court battle.



CARTOON BY MIKE PETERS

Not only has the Justice Department opposed voluntary remedies for employment discrimination, it has also taken a stand against voluntary school desegregation plans. When the state of Washington passed a law prohibiting three local school districts from taking further steps to desegregate voluntarily, the Justice Department under the Carter Administration joined the school districts in a lawsuit to overturn the state law. Then the Rea-

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gan Administration came in and switched sides, but the Supreme Court struck down the state law anyway. If Justice Department officials have trouble with voluntary plans, you can imagine what they must think about more coercive arrangements. To be precise, Reynolds has categorically rejected busing in public schools, flouting years of carefully crafted court decisions. He has actually said: "We are not going to compel children who don't choose to have an integrated education to have one." More than once, the federal government has joined forces with school districts to challenge desegregation orders. And the recent incorporation of federal desegregation money into block grants has had a devastating effect on desegregation programs. Because the support of the federal government has been withdrawn, little progress on desegregation can be expected under Reagan's tenure.

Reagan has shown his true stripes on civil rights enough times that one no longer need ask whether he is friend or foe. There was the Bob Jones fiasco, in which the President decided that, by golly, racially segregated schools deserve tax exemptions, too. The Supreme Court set him straight on that one. Then there were his attempts to gut the Legal Services Corporation, his opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, his support for legislation to strip the Supreme Court of jurisdiction over certain constitutional issues, his refusal to endorse omnibus legislation barring economic discrimination against women, his attempts to relax the obligations of school systems to educate handicapped children, his efforts to limit the reach of federal civil rights laws in higher education to programs directly receiving federal funds, and his dismal record in appointing women and minorities to the federal bench.

NONE OF THIS should surprise anyone who has been following Ronald Reagan's career. Remember, this was the man who opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the single most important piece of civil rights legislation in this country's history. That law strengthened voting rights, outlawed discrimination in public accommodations and in private employment, and authorized the Justice Department to sue to desegregate state and local facilities, including schools. It also gave the federal government the right to withhold federal funds from discriminatory programs. Back then Reagan framed his opposition in constitutional terms, but even his Republican colleagues scoffed at the suggestion that the federal government lacked the authority to cure discrimination with strong medicine. During his first campaign for governor in 1966, Reagan indignantly stormed out of a meeting of the National Negro Republican Assembly in Santa Monica when his opponent sharply criticized him for opposing the Civil Rights Act. He exited with this flourish: "I resent the implication that there is any bigotry in my nature. . . . Don't anyone ever imply that I lack integrity." Sound familiar?

Some charge that Reagan has erased the gains of the last two decades. That is an exaggeration, but it is certainly not stretching things to characterize him as "anti-civil rights." Why, then, the sudden sensitivity about minority concerns? It's hard to avoid the conclusion that the only purpose of the President's recent campaign is to neutralize the anger that could drive women and minorities to the polls in unprecedented numbers to vote against him. The campaign of the civil rights advocates should stoke that anger by using the most powerful weapon they have—the President's record.

ROBERT K. GORDON

Politesse and pine tar.

BAD CALLS

SOMETHING subtle and subversive is happening in the world of sports. Tennis—once the game of the nobility (the Dauphin's gift of tennis balls to Henry V was the prelude to Agincourt)—is being progressively vulgarized. The first sign of change was the advent of clay courts as a substitute for grass, followed by ground stone, cement, and Har-Tru, which is neither hard nor true. A second sign was the gradual abandonment of classical whites and their replacement first by colored shorts, shirts, and dresses; then by outfits adorned by the crocodile of commerce; finally by garments so festooned with corporate logos that they serve merely as media of advertising. Then came the changes in court behavior and in language. The stoical acceptance of bad calls was replaced by frowns, shakes of the head, and sarcastic double-takes. Marginally obscene and clearly disrespectful hand gestures were tested by players like Ilie Nastase and Jimmy Connors. John McEnroe has changed the medium of expression from hand to mouth: he employs not only lip movements, like those of Mayor Daley at the Chicago Convention in 1968, but also audibles, and he questions not only the eyesight of various linesmen and women, referees, and other tennis officials, but also their intelligence and integrity. Misbehavior on the courts has spread to the crowds, which, through applause, cheers, and boos, manifest partisan attitudes and even national prejudices. Worse, there is applause not only for great strokes but also for disgraceful failures.

Of course, I care little about what happens to tennis, which is fundamentally a game for Australians. What bothers me is the reverse process, which has been going on contemporaneously. I refer to the progressive (or regressive) refinement of baseball—not yet in the way it is played, but in the marginalia of the game, especially the relationship of umpires to players, managers, and coaches.

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What is happening was clearly demonstrated—brought to a head, one might say—in a recent confrontation between various members of the Baltimore Orioles team and an umpire.

The conflict was ignited by a third strike called on Eddie Murray, the Orioles' first baseman and cleanup hitter. After the strike was called, Eddie, who perhaps was a little edgy because he had also struck out in his previous appearance at bat, was slow in leaving the batter's box. The umpire, it seems, interpreted this dilatory behavior as a challenge to his call, and proceeded to suggest that Eddie get at least one part of his anatomy out of the batter's box so that the game might go on.

At this point, according to reports, Eddie became greatly offended, not so much at the called strike, bad as that might have been, but at the language used by the umpire. The Orioles' shortstop, Cal Ripken Jr., who had struck out just ahead of Murray, evidently also heard the bad language and came out of the dugout to join in the discussion. By this time Eddie Murray himself had been waved out of the game. Ripken was saved by his father, Cal Ripken Sr., an Oriole coach who nobly interposed himself between his son and ejection, only to be thrown out of the game himself. By this time, the manager, Joe Altobelli, apparently afraid that he was on the point of losing his whole team, including the coaching staff, joined the fray. He said something to the umpire and was directed to the dressing room. The game was subsequently rained out. None of the achievements of the players will stand in the record. Possibly the commissioner of baseball will rule that the altercation, too, is wiped out.

THE LESSON remains, however. Talk is dangerous in baseball, and it always has been. Today, however, mere gestures can get players, managers, umpires, and others on the baseball field into trouble. This was not always so. The sensitivity level of baseball personnel seems to have reached a new high. Feelings, it seems, are easily hurt. Psychological damage threatens.

In the Great Soo League, in which I played, we were always careful about language. One might verbally suggest that an umpire had physical limitations, partial blindness, or deafness, to the point of being unable to distinguish between the sound of the ball striking a first baseman's mitt and the sound of the runner's shoe on the bag in a close play at first; but to doubt an umpire's intelligence was a sure ticket to the dressing room. Far better simply to accuse the umpire of being in the pay of the other team. (In this respect the Great Soo League was like the British Parliament, where it is tolerated for one member to question the integrity, but not the intelligence, of another, and unlike the U.S. Congress, where precisely the reverse is true.) Umpires, in their turn, were quite unrestrained in commenting on a hitter's inability either to see or to hit a curve ball.

All this is changing. George Steinbrenner, owner of the Yankees, was fined for suggesting that National League umpires favor National League players in interleague play. Possibly they do, because it is reported that the strike zone used by umpires in that league is lower than that used in the American League.

McEnroe could smite the sacred sod of Wimbledon with his racquet, and with impunity. Yet baseball managers get thrown out for kicking dust on home plate or in the direction of an umpire. If this trend continues, Bowie Kuhn, the commissioner, may have to order players, managers, umpires, and others to carry a catalog of approved gestures.

THE PRACTICES of the Great Soo League might serve as a good guide. After a called third strike, possibly after a second one, a batter might flip his bat endwise in his hands, and with the handle end draw a line in the dirt some inches from the plate, to indicate where he thought the ball had been thrown. One player known as a wit would step out of the box after a low strike had been called on him, and roll his pants down, so as to lower his knee level. (Baseball pants were more easily adjusted in the days before stretch weaves.) If called out on a third strike which he thought too low, he would leave the scene in a crouch with his knees close to the ground, or, if called out on a high pitch, walk off on tiptoe, suggesting that he was very tall. This same batter once emerged from the dugout to take his warm-up swings holding, along with his bat, a white cane, which he handed to the batboy before stepping into the batter's box. He was not ejected for any of these signs. Only the choke sign, the thumb to nose, and the raised middle finger (a gesture of Spanish origin) were forbidden.

It is curious that the trend to refinement of manners and delicacy of gesture should be accompanied by the collapse of respect for codified law, as exemplified by the action of Lee MacPhail, president of the American League, in his reversal of an umpire's decison in the George Brett pine tar bat case. George's bat was covered with pine tar for twenty-four inches from the handle end, well into the label area. The rules of baseball are not guidelines to be interpreted in the light of situational ethics. They are rules, and they are clear. Rule 110(b), for example, specifies that the bat may have up to eighteen inches of pine tar and no more. This rule makes it clear that a ball batted with an illegal bat is an illegally batted ball. A batter who bats the ball with an illegal bat is to be called out. The umpire quite rightly called George Brett out, thus nullifying his hit—as it happened, a home run with a man on base, which would have put his team, the Kansas City Royals, ahead of the Yankees by one run in the ninth inning. MacPhail restored the phantom home run, arguing that the purpose of the rule was to keep the ball clean, and that since the ball had been hit out of the park, the rule had ceased to be operative. MacPhail says that baseball games have to be won or lost on the playing field. Yet this game was lost on the field and then won in MacPhail's office.

Guided by this precedent, MacPhail may now be expected to overrule umpires who call base runners out on home

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runs hit out of the park when they are found not to have touched the base in making their rounds. He might rule that it is enough for the runner to break the plane of the base (as in football, in which touchdowns are scored by breaking the plane of the goal line), or that a runner who is called out for leaving a base before a fly ball is caught should not be called out on the assumption that he could have beaten the throw even if he had waited until the ball was caught. MacPhail's ruling has been made to look especially bad in contrast to the action of the authorities of this year's Canadian Open Golf tournament, who added two strokes to the score of Andy Bean because he putted (successfully) with the wrong end of his putter. (The golf ruling may have been necessary to keep golfers from lying down on the green and using their putters like pool cues.) MacPhail has offended greatly. Evidently he is unaware that one who reverses an umpire's decision in baseball comes very close to ignoring the medieval religious warning not to question the umpirage of the Holy Ghost.

I am not ready for despair. Baseball will survive. In the face of adversity, the game will be sustained by the faith and love recently expressed by that great player and poet, Ernie Banks, who said something memorable just as this year's old-timers' game (played on the afternoon of July 5, at Wrigley Field, where night games are not tolerated) was drawing to a close after the usual nine innings. "Why don't we play until it's dark?" Ernie Banks said. "We don't have anyplace else to go."

Old baseball players should neither die nor fade away, but just play on until it gets dark.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Eugene J. McCarthy writes annually, and sometimes more often, about baseball for TNR.

A costly misadventure called 'Whoops.'

MONEY MELTDOWN

THE GIANT grey cooling towers which everywhere conjure up apocalyptic memories of Three Mile Island dominate two nuclear power construction sites in the state of Washington. But the two unfinished nuclear plants that rise above the forested hills near Route 12 on the coast and the three unfinished plants that loom above Richland's desert landscape have suffered a disaster of a different sort. Together these plants were once touted as the world's largest nuclear construction project outside the Soviet Union. Now it appears that only one of the five plants will ever generate electricity. In the largest municipal bond default in American history, the $24-billion Washington Public Power Supply System has all but collapsed. The fiasco has pitted bondholders against consumers and Wall Street against Main Street, throwing the financial community into disarray and dramatizing the plight of the nuclear industry. The five cooling towers of WPPSS (pronounced "whoops," perhaps the most fitting acronym since CREEP) may well prove to be nothing more than monuments to the industry's financial demise.

After WPPSS missed $32 million in bond payments this year for two plants that had already been canceled in January 1982, Chemical Bank (a trustee for the bondholders) decided in late July to declare the project $2.25 billion in default. This left tens of thousands of bondholders in turmoil, and prompted fears that the remaining three reactors could go under as well—which in turn would bring the amount of bonds in jeopardy to $8.4 billion. Financiers, bondholders, and consumers in the Northwest all stand to lose as a result. But the effect could spread far beyond Washington. Investor confidence in the municipal bond market could waver, leading buyers to withdraw, thereby boosting financing costs for worthy projects such as schools and bridges across the country.

NO ONE seems to know how to resolve the WPPSS default, but everyone knows someone has to pay. Congress may decide to settle the debt on the region's ratepayers. Or the bondholders may simply wait in vain for their $2.25 billion. Still another possibility would have WPPSS filing for bankruptcy, thus distributing the loss between bondholders and ratepayers in a negotiated compromise. In any event, many ordinary people will suffer. Consumers face soaring rate increases, in effect paying for electricity they will never receive. If forced to pay off the bonds, some town-owned utilities which invested in the project could face bankruptcy. The little village of Drain, Oregon, for instance, owes WPPSS $3.7 million, and the fifty members of the Prairie Power Cooperative in Idaho owe $30 million. On the other side of the debt, some of the nation's largest insurance companies and financial institutions, such as Shearson Amex, hold 10 percent of the bonds. The bulk, though, are held by "mom and pop" investors who sunk their life savings into the bonds. As William Berls, a Chemical Bank vice president, puts it: "It's either pay me now or pay me later. If the investors don't get paid, the region goes and the bond industry goes. That isn't going to happen."

Whatever does happen, there is much dispute over who's to blame. *Business Week* attributed the crisis to "human error" and mismanagement, but the easy explanation confuses more than it clarifies. The only people profiting from the crisis are Wall Street firms and bond dealers who are speculating on its outcome. Although speculative middlemen surely did not cause the crisis, there is no doubt that bond firms were dazzled by the commissions they could collect in financing the five reactors. Furthermore, had WPPSS reached fruition, the aluminum industry in the

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Northwest would have greatly benefited from a large and cheap power surplus. If the aluminum industry and Wall Street bond dealers did not exactly create the crisis, they clearly bear much of the responsibility. The aluminum manufacturers pushed for five reactors, and the momentum occasioned on Wall Street kept the financing going when it should have been scaled back. Against a background of mismanagement, bureaucratic inertia and speculative greed reinforced one another.

IN THE LATE 1960s the project's supporters recruited a host of local interests and held out the usual happy promises: *job creation, a fat tax base, cheaper power.* The Bonneville Power Administration, a federal agency which distributes half the power in the Northwest, gave WPPSS the aura of federal backing. Construction of three plants began in 1969, and a group of utilities agreed to finance two additional plants in 1974. The complicated deal essentially meant that as costs rose, rates would have to rise. Then the problems began.

The local businessmen who made up the board of directors of WPPSS tried to spread the money around. Instead of using three or four contractors, like most nuclear projects, they employed thirty to forty. Confusion at the construction sites ensued. Drivers would jockey for position with their equipment. Material went undelivered. Pipe hangers—which bracket the miles of cooling system piping to the walls—were installed, taken out, reinstalled, and taken out again. Welders arrived to do work eighty feet up, only to find that scaffolding had been moved to make way for other work. By 1980 the Washington state legislature had launched an investigation into cost overruns, and found that confusion at the sites had raised project estimates from $4 billion to $24 billion in a mere seven years. For every twelve months of work, the project fell another twelve behind.

Bonneville started to raise the region's power rates in anticipation of the soaring costs to be paid upon completion of the plants. WPPSS went to Wall Street for the issue of more bonds, ultimately creating a bond debt second only to the federal government's. Meantime the bond dealers grew rich on WPPSS's plight: Merrill Lynch said the bond sales were the most profitable in the firm's history. Consumers in the region, however, got stuck with electricity rate rises of as much as 600 percent. In some areas, such as Grays Harbor County in coastal Washington, the elderly were spending half their income on electricity. Efforts to stem the rising rates through conservation measures proved futile because payments on the debts were fixed, and utilities selling less electricity had to raise rates still further.

Confronted by runaway costs and slackening demand for power, in January 1982 WPPSS reluctantly canceled the two reactors added in 1974. Predictably rates rose yet again to cover the $2.25 billion spent on construction. Public protest erupted, first in Grays Harbor and then across the region, with retirees, loggers, housewives, and ranchers taking to the streets. They burned bills, staged blackouts, recalled the locally elected commissioners who'd signed WPPSS contracts, and demanded that Wall Street "eat the debt" on the two canceled plants. Three months later, work was suspended at a third reactor for an estimated five years. The economic bleeding continued: a year later, in May 1983, more than 1,250 workers were laid off from a fourth reactor which stood 70 percent complete. Right now only one unit, 98 percent complete, remains under construction, but even that one has financing difficulties. A federal bailout seems the only hope. But funds to complete the plants do not address the underlying causes of WPPSS's troubles.

A local attorney, Jim Duree, voices the sentiments of the region's ratepayers. "The WPPSS crisis is the largest con job in the region's history," he says. "The ratepayers were betrayed by WPPSS, the bankers, the lawyers, the Bonneville Power Administration, the whole lot." Dan Leahy, a Washington utility analyst, thinks the road to disaster began with the aluminum industry. Kaiser, Reynolds, and Alcoa had moved to the Northwest thirty years ago, drawn by the massive amounts of cheap power available from Bonneville. Leahy and critics in Congress accuse Bonneville of being "an arm of the aluminum industry." The sweetheart arrangments between aluminum companies and Bonneville involved classifying the power source as "interruptible." This means that the power is surplus and can be cut off in times of high demand. It is also cheaper as a result. Worried about possible power interruptions, the aluminum industry set out to convince Bonneville and the region's utilities to build the ill-fated WPPSS units in order to produce a long-term surplus in the region. The power would remain just as cheap, but the "interruptible" clause would become moot.

SEVERAL utility managers say Bonneville seduced them after they displayed hesitation. A General Accounting Office investigation has found that in 1974 Donald Hodel—then chief administrator of Bonneville and now President Reagan's Secretary of Energy—issued "notices of insufficiency" to the utilities, informing them that Bonneville required the two extra plants to meet their power needs. Hodel made speeches summoning up the imagery of cold homes and plant closings. For their part, the aluminum companies signed contracts to purchase all the surplus power from the two plants to reassure indecisive utility managers. So the town- and county-owned utilities (and by extension, ratepayers) were manipulated by Bonneville and the aluminum industry to absorb the risks for the project.

Other businesses had much at stake as well. When a group of concerned citizens gathered enough signatures to place an intiative on the ballot calling for a curb on runaway WPPSS spending, 160 businesses spent $1.3 million on a countercampaign. Construction contractors, aluminum companies, and Wall Street's biggest bond houses (including Merrill Lynch, Paine Webber, and Smith Barney) joined in an attempt to win the referendum. They lost despite a five-to-one spending advantage. All

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the same, it required effrontery to mount the countercampaign in the first place. Jeffrey Whitehorn, a bond analyst with the Dreyfus Corporation, says WPPSS financing was "totally incompetent" on the part of both the state consortium and Wall Street. Investor services consistently overrated WPPSS, says Whitehorn, despite cost overruns, negative financial analyses, and growing ratepayer frustration. Investors who rely on the ratings continued to buy the bonds.

The various corporate interests can be counted on to push for a congressional bailout, which will be debated in September. The pending proposal tries to separate the initial three units from the canceled units in order to prevent the amount of bonds in jeopardy from rising to $8.4 billion. It would use Bonneville and federal guarantees to back the completion of the three units. In other words, taxpayers will be asked to shoulder the burden. Taxpayers in the Northwest, of course, are also ratepayers, which means that they've long been shouldering much of the burden for the sorry management.

The national implications of such a bailout should not be overlooked. The cost-ineffectiveness of the nuclear industry is not confined to WPPSS. On Long Island, ratepayers face increases of 50 percent from the $3.2 billion Shoreham nuclear plant, and Governor Mario Cuomo is considering state purchase of the reactor. What makes the failure of the nuclear industry all the more insulting is the array of tax loopholes passed by the Reagan Administration. Utility tax breaks now total $9 billion annually in a time of huge deficits and large cutbacks. And still the costs runneth over. Last year eighteen plants were canceled. This year fully 35 percent of all plants under construction are endangered. With Secretary of Energy Hodel's Bonneville pedigree and the Reagan Administration's trust in huge corporations, the current bias to the nuclear industry at the expense of consumers is not surprising. Yet it is clear that the industry will not survive without ever more massive federal subsidies.

The WPPSS case history is both bitter and ironic. Bitter because a lot of people could have been saved a lot of trouble if the principals had behaved competently instead of drawing them into an arrangement beyond their control—an arrangement that will not even yield much if any electricity. Ironic because the nuclear industry has succumbed not to the disaster scenarios of a meltdown but to the disaster scenarios of a balance sheet. And given the huge federal subsidies bestowed upon the industry, the princes of nuclear power have only themselves to blame. No doubt they will continue to knock on the door of the federal government, relying on the sheer power of incompetence to force its way in.

SCOTT RIDLEY

Scott Ridley is a writer and energy analyst for the Environmental Action Foundation in Washington, D.C. This article was written under a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

Hallowed be his name.

CBS MOURNING NEWS

THE DEATH of Frank Reynolds, a competent newsreader of no special distinction, occasioned one of those special moments for television broadcasting. In fact the whole media, burying Mr. Reynolds as if he were his country's savior, like Cincinnatus or de Gaulle, indulged in several days of undisguised self-celebration; they were able to demonstrate that even the President could be commanded to attend at the bier of a television journalist. What displays of national mourning will the American people witness when the Greatest Newsreader of Them All at last leaves us for that Happy Land where the News is Everlasting and the Ratings are Always High? In anticipating the coverage of this fearful event, I naturally hope that it will be long postponed.

CBS Newsflash

We interrupt the coverage of the World Series to announce with deep regret the death of Mr. W*lt*r Cr*nk*te. Our telecast of the World Series will now cease, and all scheduled programs are canceled. Solemn music will be played on all CBS stations for the rest of the day. Tomorrow CBS will begin repeating all of Mr. Cr*nk*te's news programs in chronological order.

CBS Newsflash

Edwin Meese III announced at a press briefing a few minutes ago that the President is returning at once from California to the White House. President Reagan meanwhile asks all Americans to remain calm in the face of what Mr. Meese called "this great national loss."

The Commissioner of Baseball has announced that the World Series has been canceled for this year. He said: "It is our tribute to a man who never struck out when the nation needed him to score."

CBS Evening News, with Morley Safer

Mr. W*lt*r Cr*nk*te, who died earlier today, is to be given a state funeral. This was announced by President Reagan this afternoon before he left California to return to Washington. "I have been called the Great Communicator," the President said, "but it was Mr. Cr*nk*te who deserved that title. Mr. Cr*nk*te was the Unelected President of the United States. This is a moment, not only of national loss, but of national danger."

In a statement this afternoon, former President Nixon said: "I never saw Mr. Cr*nk*te demonstrate his many qualities to better advantage than during his courageous visit to China in 1972. I was privileged to cover his visit for CREEP (Committee for the Re-Election of the President) and I know what the nation owes to him. I also owe a personal debt to him. It was through his good offices that I was granted an interview for CREEP with the Chinese lead-

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er, Mao Tse-tung. I know that Mr. Cr*nk*te rendered many such services to other Presidents."

President Reagan is to address the nation at a televised press conference when he returns to the White House at 11 o'clock this evening, Eastern Standard Time. All CBS stations will cover the press conference live.

Presidential News Conference

MR. KURALT: There is a hush among the reporters in this room tonight, where usually there is a buzz of excitement before the President's entrance. It is not only a tribute to a colleague who has passed away. There is the feeling also that the nation faces a grave national emergency. The President is entering now.

THE PRESIDENT: I have two announcements to make to reassure the American people and the world that this nation will not fail even as we mourn our fallen leader.

I have ordered three aircraft carriers, five battleships, seven destroyers, and one nuclear-powered submarine to reinforce our fleet in the Caribbean Basin. We do not expect any foreign power to take advantage of what it may think is our weakness at this moment, but we must make it clear to any unfriendly government that our resolve has not been weakened by this misfortune.

Our nation has suffered the greatest of all losses—the death of a media star—and no President's words can be adequate in the crisis. I have therefore asked Dan Rather to act as spokesman for myself, for the White House, and for all government departments and agencies during the emergency. He will also be my chief adviser on the measures needed to meet such a media loss. Mr. Rather.

MR. RATHER: Beginning at midnight, the following arrangements are, by executive order, in operation and absolutely binding.

All news and comment, in either the electronic media or print journalism, will be coordinated by CBS.

To this end, CBS will requisition all television and radio stations of both NBC and ABC.

Diane Sawyer will be the Director of a Department of News Management. The Department will operate from the Pentagon. All news and comment of both domestic and foreign journalists must be cleared through Ms. Sawyer's office.

These measures are necessary to ensure that the high standards which Mr. Cr*nk*te set at CBS are observed by all the media.

"Sixty Minutes" will be expanded to "Two Hundred and Forty Minutes."

In the future all Nielsen ratings will be issued under my personal supervision.

No one was kinder to his colleagues than Mr. Cr*nk*te. In this spirit, I have directed CBS to rehire Roger Mudd at once, for a special assignment. Mr. Cr*nk*te had a particular interest in the space program. Mr. Mudd will continue this tradition. He will be the first electronic or print journalist to board a spacecraft that will leave our universe.

I have asked the President to return to California until the funeral.

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you, Mr. Rather. A photograph of me in my skin-suit, carrying a club, will be issued as a postage stamp next week. That is all.

CBS Newsflash

Former President Carter issued the following statement this afternoon: "I asked Amy what Mr. Cr*nk*te meant to her. She answered: 'He was like a father to me.' I think that Amy was speaking from her heart."

CBS Newsflash

Former President Ford is now speaking live to reporters at his home in Palm Springs.

PRESIDENT FORD: This is a sad day for America. I always admired Chet Huntley and am very sorry he has died.

CBS Morning News

Overnight the leaders of many nations paid their tributes to Mr. W*lt*er Cr*nk*te.

At an unusual morning session of the House of Commons in London today, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher announced that Britain is presenting the Falkland Islands to the United States. She added: "Her Majesty's Government can think of no better use for the Falklands than that the United States should bear the expense of maintaining them as a National Park dedicated to the memory of the man who was the Voice of the Free World."

Pravda announced the death of Mr. Cr*nk*te without comment in a single sentence: "W. Cr*nk*te, the American newscaster and C.I.A. agent, died today."

White House News Conference

MR. RATHER: I have two announcements to make.

The Federal Communications Commission was today merged with CBS. William S. Paley has agreed to be its chairman.

After consultations with President Reagan, with the three ex-Presidents, with the leaders of both parties in the Senate and the House of Representatives, and with George Will, CBS has decided that the light which Mr. Cr*nk*te brought into all our lives should not be buried underground.

Mr. Cr*nk*te's vision was never more clearly demonstrated than in his dedication to the space program. After the funeral in Washington's National Cathedral, therefore, Mr. Cr*nk*te's body will be flown to Cape Canaveral and placed aboard a satellite, which will then be launched and will enter orbit at 23.47 hours. The peoples of all the world will thus be able to look up several times a day, and feel that Mr. Cr*nk*te is still with them, bringing the same kind of assurance as he once did each night.

News Special: "Funeral of a Giant"

MR. KURALT: We may today fittingly reverse the words of the English playwright, William Shakespeare—We come, not to bury Caesar, but to praise him. Already in the past three days more than two million people have filed past the coffin in the Rotunda of the Capitol, to pay their

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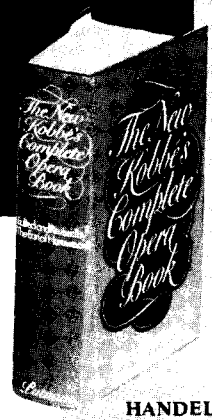

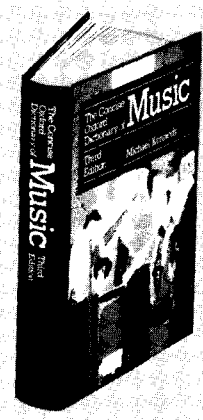

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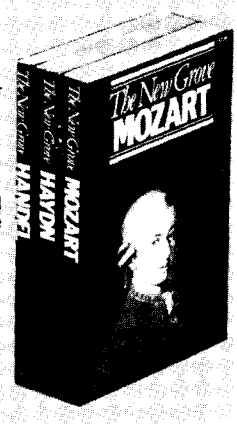

HANDEL, HAYDN and MOZART. These three biographies are taken in their entirety from the authoritative 20-volume *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Each book is by an acknowledged expert and contains a list of works and bibliography. These are the publishers' paperback editions averaging 223 pages and retailing at $7.95 **each**. They are offered here as a set and **count as one book.**
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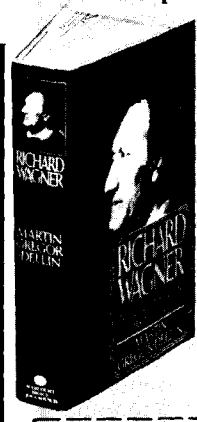

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Abram Chasins, Chairman, the renowned composer pianist, author and broadcasting pioneer, was for 25 years Music Director of WQXR, the classical music radio station of *The New York Times*. Currently he is Emeritus Adjunct Professor at the University of Southern California, where his musical reorganization of its NPR radio station KUSC brought it national prominence.

Edward Downes, quiz master for the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts, served for 14 years as program annotator for the New York Philharmonic. A highly regarded critic, historian and commentator on the world of music, he is also a faculty member of the Musical Theatre Program of New York University.

George Jellinek, Music Director of WQXR, the radio station of *The New York Times*. He is a broadcaster with several national awards to his credit and host/producer of the nationally syndicated program *The Vocal Scene*. A contributing editor of *Stereo Review*, he also teaches at New York University.

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last respects to their leader, their guide, their friend, where "He lay like a warrior taking his rest, / His martial cloak around him."

Today, in the nave of this great National Cathedral, almost all the dignitaries from across the world have now been shown to their places by the ushers. There has been some controversy in Britain as to whether Queen Elizabeth II should not have broken the royal convention that she attends the funerals only of other Heads of State. But there can be no question the American people are more than satisfied that she sent the Prince of Wales and Princess Diana to represent her. "Princess Di is the real Media Queen," said Barbara Walters, summing up what we all feel here.

The congregation is now standing as the casket is borne slowly down the long nave. It is being carried on the shoulders of President Reagan, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Katharine Graham, and Sally Ride. George Will was also invited to be a pallbearer, but he issued a statement yesterday saying that, in view of his role as an adviser on the funeral arrangements, there might be some question of a conflict of interest.

The choice of Mrs. Graham reflects the tribute which print journalism now pays to the electronic media. Her own newspaper, *The Washington Post*, expressed this best on the morning after Mr. Cr*nk*te's death. For the first time, the "Style" section of the newspaper was made the main news section. It was published with black borders, and with the felicitous headline: THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, WALTER.

At the rear of the procession is Roger Mudd, carrying one of the suits, neatly folded, that Mr. Cr*nk*te wore as a newscaster. Jessica Savitch reported to viewers earlier that the suit is "steel grey, like his integrity, with a fine pinstripe, representing the many threads of his life and career." This grave occasion has brought forth such good reporting on all sides.

The casket is now lying before the altar, on which there rests a small television set. Nancy Reagan does not take her eyes from it, with that "upward adoring gaze," as Mary McGrory once called it, which is usually reserved for her husband.

The eulogy is now to be given by Dr. Derek Bok, the President of Harvard, a tribute from the world of learning to the media, which has now overtaken us as the main medium of education.

DR. BOK: I take my text today from the CBS Version of the Holy Bible, Corinthians, Chapter 13, Verse 1: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not a teleprompter, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not a teleprompter, I am nothing. A teleprompter never faileth."

No one exemplified the truth of these words with greater inspiration to all mankind than the man whose life and work we celebrate today. Mr. Cr*nk*te carried our civilization not only beyond Gutenberg but also beyond McLuhan. He showed us that information can be given, truths can be told, wisdom can be passed on, in slots of no more than one minute and twenty seconds, if only there be a teleprompter.

Rather than praise a man whom not even Harvard could honor enough when it conferred on him an honorary degree, I will read, from this teleprompter before me, a message sent to me for this occasion by the chancellor of Oxford University. The message reads: "The crest of Oxford University has for six centuries been an open book with the words *Deus Illuminatio Mea*, which Mr. Cr*nk*te once happily translated for his viewers as "God is My Light." At a convocation of the university yesterday, it was unanimously decided to change the crest, so that it will now show a screen, within which will be a teleprompter, with the words *Televisio Deus Meus*."

With those words, I ask the congregation to stand and turn, for a minute's silence, in the direction of the CBS television transmitter to the northwest of this cathedral. . . . We will now sing the hymn, written specially for today's ceremony, which you will find on the screens in front of each of you.

MR. KURALT: The hymn which the congregation is now singing opens with the lines:

> That's the way it is, O Lord,
> As told to us on network news.

As we are silent while we listen to the voices of this great congregation, there cannot be one of us who does not think of W*lt*er Cr*nk*te now, with choirs of angels attending him, borne at last to meet the Great Anchorman in the Sky.

CBS Morning News

An hour after the body of Mr. Cr*nk*te was put successfully into orbit, Sally Quinn announced that she and Benjamin Bradlee—both of *The Washington Post*—are presenting their new forty-two-room, $2.5 million house to the nation as a home for retired newscasters. Ms. Quinn said: "If the Queen can give the Falklands, we can afford to give our home."

Throughout the night, as dark fell first on China and then on India, and what Auden called "the great arc of traveling shadow" moved over land and ocean, from east to west, people in all lands gathered in throngs in their streets and their fields, to gaze into the sky. Some said that they could hear his voice. All could be heard saying, from Peking to Peoria to Panama, "Walter has not left us. There will not be a war. We're still safe."

Dan Rather has resigned from his position at the White House. He said in a statement last night: "Now the emergency has passed, it is safe to let the White House be run by those who usually run it. I am returning to the greater tasks which await me at CBS News, strengthened by the fact that the people of this country have demonstrated their faith in the media's leadership."

HENRY FAIRLIE

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Can the resistance fighters prevent a Soviet victory?

INSIDE AFGHANISTAN

BY ROGER FENTON & MAGGIE GALLAGHER

HE LOOKED like an old man—perhaps seventy, although we had learned during our journey that age comes quickly in Afghanistan. He squatted across the room from us, holding a rifle that had seen other wars. We had traveled ten thousand miles to find out about the war in Afghanistan and the people who fought it. But the old man, learning we were Americans, decided that our own country was to be the subject of discussion.

"Why do Americans claim they are friends of the Afghan nation?" he demanded through our translator. "The Americans think that by making mouth in assemblies they will force the Russians to leave Afghanistan, but only by fighting can this happen. Many days we have no food, no arms, but still we are fighting." He pointed to the few bullets in his belts, indicating they were all that he owned.

"The mujahadeen fight for religion and country, and will fight to the death of the very last Afghan." To the very last Afghan: a familiar phrase, most often seen in Western press commentaries urging the United States to help stop the killing, to cooperate with international efforts to achieve a diplomatic solution to the conflict in Afghanistan.

VILLAGE IN PAKTIA PROVINCE BOMBED BY SOVIET HELICOPTERS. PHOTO BY CHARLES BORK / WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOCIATES

When the Soviets first invaded in 1979, most of the world expected the Afghan rebels—poorly equipped, untrained, disorganized—to succumb quickly to the immense power of the Russian military machine. Even today the general opinion as expressed in the U.S. media, on both the right and the left, seems to be that in the long run a Soviet victory is inevitable. It is a short step to the conclusion that the mujahadeen had best be persuaded to stop fighting and seek a political solution.

The peace settlement now emerging from U.N.-sponsored talks between Pakistan and the regime of Afghan President Babrak Karmal contains several key points: the withdrawal of Soviet troops, an end to military aid to the resistance, and the continuation in Kabul of a government friendly to the Soviet Union, along with international guarantees to ensure that the terms of the treaty are abided by. What diplomats call "substantial progress" has been reported in these talks. Perhaps as soon as this fall, some observers suggest, Pakistan and Kabul could reach an agreement: the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, so violently begun, may be brought to a peaceful close.

But if a peace settlement is actually to end the fighting, the Afghan resistance must be satisfied with the terms of the agreement. To talk with the mujahadeen and with the refugees in Pakistan is to realize that this possibility is remote.

According to Karen McKay of the Committee for a Free Afghanistan, a Washington-based relief group, 90 percent of the population supports the mujahadeen. The title "holy warrior" is taken seriously by the rebels and their countrymen. Any hope resting on the belief that, out of pragmatism, the Afghan fighters will abandon their jihad and negotiate with the Russians is specious. Even members of the moderate alliance, with whom we traveled, are firmly committed to a view of the war as a religious duty. Soviet practices help to underscore this in the minds of the Afghans. According to a recent deserter we met in Paktia, men impressed into military service are force-fed the precepts of the "Great April Revolution," as the 1978 coup is

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Roger Fenton traveled with mujahadeen in Afghanistan last spring. The personal experiences in this article are his. Maggie Gallagher is a specialist in Afghan studies. They are collaborating on a book documenting the history of the war in Afghanistan.

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officially called. Told that Allah is a myth, they are forbidden to pray and they are encouraged to drink alcohol, in defiance of the Koran.

Religious zeal, even as it has fired the hearts and minds of the Afghan resistance fighters, has sometimes undermined their cause. The mujahadeen first rejected guerrilla tactics as displaying both cowardice and a lack of faith in Allah. After suffering heavy initial losses in frontal assaults on armored Soviet divisions, the rebels have reevaluated Allah's will. Quick ambushes, night raids, and acts of sabotage are now staples of the resistance.

The Soviet response to resistance activity has been swift and brutal. The war in Afghanistan is not a conventional one. With virtually the entire population opposing the Russian presence, Soviet strategy is directed against the people as a whole. Routine bombing of civilian targets, the wanton massacre of unarmed men, women, and children, and the torture of those suspected of aiding the resistance are common occurrences in Afghanistan. In one widely reported case, the Soviets burned a hundred males alive—including children as young as six years old—in an irrigation canal where they hid in fear of the Soviet troops. And it has become quite common for shopkeepers, farmers, and tradesmen who are too poor to satisfy Russian soldiers demanding goods without payment to be summarily shot.

THE SOVIETS appear determined to pursue the course that began with the initial invasion, despite the loss of credibility they have suffered in much of the Third World, especially in Islamic countries. Bringing Afghanistan firmly into the Soviet orbit is important to Moscow. Possession of Afghan territory provides the Soviet Union with enormous strategic advantages, bringing the Russians tantalizingly close to their centuries-old goal of a warmwater port. The Soviet Union knows that it will need to import oil before the turn of the century, and the prospect of controlling the sea lanes in the Persian Gulf provides a motive for further expansionist moves in the region. In addition, a good-faith withdrawal of Russian troops from Afghanistan would send political waves throughout the Soviet empire, particularly to Poland and to the chronically restive Central Asian republics, which are ethnically and religiously similar to Afghanistan. The Russians cannot tolerate a free, Islamic Afghanistan. Although the diplomatic costs continue to mount, the Soviet Union has usually been willing to endure a little social embarrassment in return for tangible military and political advantage.

"You can destroy Afghanistan," Louis Dupree, a noted American scholar of Afghan studies told us while we were still in Peshawar, "but you can't conquer Afghanistan." The Soviets seem to have taken this maxim to heart. Since they have not been able to defeat the resistance outright, they seek to eliminate the mujahadeen's means of support. By burning harvests and destroying villages, the Soviets aim to transform Afghanistan into a barren wasteland, hoping eventually to starve the resistance into submission. In the first half of this strategy, at least, the Soviets have been quite successful. In 1978, before the "Communist Revolution," Afghanistan was on the verge of becoming self-sufficient in agriculture. After four years of war, the output of wheat, corn, barley, and other crops has dropped dramatically every year. In 1982 the wheat harvest, Afghanistan's staple, was only a fifth of what it was in 1978.

The food situation in Afghanistan is rapidly growing critical. Food prices in Kabul jumped 200 percent in April, and one had to prove membership in the Communist Party, the militia, or the Afghan secret police to obtain bread, meat, or rice. Professor Sayd B. Majrooh, head of the Afghan Information Center, a Peshawar-based clearinghouse for information from refugees, mujahadeen, and journalistic sources, reports an increasing incidence of an ancient practice: wholesale looting by an invading army. Instead of ransacking only the houses of peasants suspected of harboring mujahadeen, the Soviets have started pillaging whole villages in search of vegetables, bread, and livestock for their soldiers' consumption. Farmers who had nothing to do with the fighting, men who sought only to provide for themselves and their families, have now gone over to the mujahadeen because the Russians have taken everything they had.

The savagery of Soviet tactics has made a deep impression on the Afghan people. The Russians make use of many of the most barbaric techniques of the ancient art of warfare, with the advantage of the most up-to-date weaponry. The head of any future pro-Soviet government in Kabul will almost certainly inherit the fierce hatred the Afghans feel for the present one, Babrak Karmal. Even if the mujahadeen cease fighting while the Soviet troops withdraw, they are not likely to stop trying to overthrow the puppet regime in Kabul. When resistance activity stepped up again, the Soviet military machine would again enter Afghanistan, in an encore performance of the 1979 invasion.

In spite of the attitude of the Afghan people, Karmal and Pakistan may come to some kind of agreement if the United States is willing. Pakistan is eager for a settlement. Zia's current anti-Soviet bias and Moslem loyalties combine to make him a staunch supporter of the mujahadeen. But there is considerable pressure on Pakistan to defuse the situation. It is expensive to feed and house three million people, and the influx of refugees tends to destabilize the country. In addition, Pakistan is host to three different ethnic minorities with separatist ambitions: the Baluchs, the Sindhis, and the Pathans. Any of these groups, backed by the Soviet Union, could pose serious problems for the pro-Western government of General Zia. Recent U.S. overtures to India—Pakistan's hereditary enemy—by Secretary of State George Shultz may be aimed at reminding Pakistan that its long-term interests lie in accommodating the United States rather than in snuggling up to Yuri Andropov.

The Soviet Union has learned from its past mistakes in Afghanistan. Convoys of soldiers and supplies are now protected by helicopters. Heavy machine guns originally

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designed for antiaircraft use have been mounted on trucks to allow the Soviets to defend against Afghans hidden on the crests of mountains. The "limited contingent" of Soviet troops in Afghanistan has been upped to somewhere between a hundred twenty thousand and a hundred fifty thousand men. Still, the conclusion of the current edition of the Pentagon's *Soviet Military Power* is that the "Soviets find themselves embroiled in a counter-insurgency campaign that cannot be won with current force levels."

The conventional wisdom is that the resistance dominates the rural areas, while the Russians control the cities. Such generalizations underestimate the successes resistance fighters have scored even in urban areas. Charles Dunbar, an American diplomat recently returned from Kabul, estimates that a third of the district capitals are in rebel hands. In Kandahar, Afghanistan's second largest city, the resistance flourishes. As of May, some fourteen of twenty-four military posts in and about the city had fallen to rebel night raids. Said one mujahed in Kandahar, "We did not leave even the tea cups behind." And in Kabul itself the presence of the resistance is felt through assassinations, bombings, and acts of sabotage. On April 26, for example, one day before the anniversary celebration in honor of the "Communist Revolution," a bomb exploded inside the apartments where ruling party officials and their families live; eyewitnesses reported that some sixty were killed in the blast. Visitors report that heavy shooting can be heard around Kabul every night. The Russians may have "control" of Kabul and other urban areas, but the cities are certainly not secure.

AFGHAN RESISTANCE FIGHTER, PAKTIA PROVINCE.
PHOTO BY CHARLES BORK / WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOCIATES

Two factors will determine whether the Afghan resistance can keep the Soviets from turning a military stalemate into victory. One is the willingness of the United States and Moslem countries to provide continuing diplomatic and military support, and, more importantly, to upgrade the kinds of weapons being supplied. The question of outside aid to the Afghan resistance is tricky. It is difficult to assess the number and kinds of weapons the United States gives the resistance fighters. What arms the United States does supply are kept secret in order to avoid embarrassing Pakistan, which is understandably nervous about the thinly veiled threats of retaliation that have emanated from its powerful neighbor to the north. Despite the fact that President Reagan is said to have made the decision to increase arms shipments last fall, six months later we noticed serious shortages of arms and ammunition. In the province of Paktia, we observed some shiny new Kalashnikovs—some of which are said to be supplied by the U.S. through intermediaries—but far more World War I British Lee Enfield rifles, and not enough of those. Would-be mujahadeen remain behind during resistance attacks for lack of guns. And the most needed weapons of the resistance—antiaircraft weapons—were conspicuous by their absence.

The mujahadeen remain virtually defenseless against air attacks. Increased use of fighter jets and helicopters, especially the MIG-24 attack aircraft, code-named Hind by NATO, has not been matched by comparable improvements in the arms of the resistance. Although occasional reports circulate that the freedom fighters have downed Soviet aircraft, these incidents generally occur in mountainous terrain when the unarmored upper half of helicopters are exposed to machine-gun fire while flying low near mountain peaks. The mujahadeen have few SAM-7 and other antiaircraft guns; for the most part, helicopters roam invulnerable to attack and free to harass the mujahadeen and terrorize civilians.

The second factor crucial to mujahadeen fortunes is the building of political institutions. The tide of refugees will swell inexorably unless the Afghan resistance can find means of giving succor to the general population. There is evidence that the mujahadeen have begun to provide the people with an alternative to the Kabul regime. In Paktia, for example, we visited a public school organized by the mujahadeen to encourage children and their families to remain in Afghanistan. Court systems have been established in Kandahar and Logar

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provinces, often headed by respected Islamic scholars.

The most sophisticated experiment in rebuilding civil government in areas controlled by the resistance is now taking place in the Panshjer Valley, north of Kabul. Ahmad Shah Massoud, a charismatic young resistance commander, has emerged as a national hero for his able defense against repeated Soviet assaults on this strategic valley. A recent ceasefire he negotiated with the Russians has given him breathing space to reorganize the Panshjer militarily and politically. He has created a new military structure, dividing the mujahadeen into three kinds of fighting units: regionally stationed commandos, mobil commandos, and *zarbati* (quick-strike) groups. The valley has been divided into several military districts overseen by Massoud's lieutenants. Within these districts perhaps one-quarter of the mujahadeen are permanent fighters. The remainder spend one week a month as mujahadeen and three weeks tending to home, farm, and family. Massoud has also turned his attention to providing for the general populace. In each "qaragah," or military district, there are three committees: military, political-judicial, and economic. Massoud is attempting to remedy the food shortage and encourage the local population to rebuild the houses that were destroyed in last year's bombing raids. He has even established a bus service, using captured Soviet trucks.

Mujahadeen from all over Afghanistan come to the Panshjer to receive training and advice from Massoud, and he has sent emissaries to the other provinces who give assistance in military training and organizational matters. He is in contact with twenty of the twenty-eight Afghan provinces. If it is possible to coordinate the diverse Afghan resistance into a unified front, Ahmad Shah Massoud may emerge as a national leader.

FACTIONAL DISPUTES are usually held to be a major problem for the resistance. There are at least seven different factions headquartered in Peshawar. But the infighting among the mujahadeen is often exaggerated in Western accounts. The various factions seem to be cooperating, especially in the field. In Kapisa, for example, the two principal resistance commanders in the area, Maulawi Aref of the Jamiat-e Islami and Maulawi Shifiullah of Herakat, are reported to be on very good terms, and they are coordinating their activity with the mujahadeen of Kohistan. Bernd de Bruin, a Dutch freelance journalist who recently visited Kandahar, reported to the Afghan Information Center that there is good cooperation between groups of Younes-Khalis, one of the fundamentalist factions, and the Jamiat-e Islami. He describes the situation between them as "quite relaxed." Travelers in Logar and Kunar provinces bring the same report: the morale of the mujahadeen is high and the relations among the groups are friendly. In the Panshjer Valley, resistance commanders belonging to five different parties have integrated their activities with those of Massoud. The mujahadeen seem to understand that they must set aside their differences if they are to defeat the Soviet Union. As Gul Mohammad, a resistance commander in Lalander, exults, "Now, in Logar, the mujahadeen do not care who the leaders are in Peshawar. When there is a call for fighting the Russians, everybody is going with everybody."

The exception to the generally harmonious behavior is the fundamentalist Hezb-e Islami, headed by Gulbuddin Hekmatyar. Instances of internecine warfare almost always seem to involve Gulbuddin's people. In Maidan, Gulbuddin's mujahadeen fired fourteen mortar shells into the town, killing twenty villagers. In the Tagao Valley, heavy fighting has been reported between the followers of Gulbuddin and other resistance groups. The Tagao Valley is the usual route of mujahadeen heading north, and the Hezb-e Islami is blocking fighters from other organizations from going through.

IN FEBRUARY two resistance commanders from the moderate alliance were gunned down in the streets of Peshawar. Members of the moderate alliance believe that the assassins were working for Gulbuddin. It has also been suggested that the killings were ordered by the K.G.B. for the purpose of increasing tensions among the resistance factions. A third possibility would render the above difference of opinion moot. Commenting on the question of who actually pulled the trigger, a Western observer stated, "Sure, it was either the K.G.B. or Gulbuddin, but it doesn't really make much difference which one. They both get their signals from Moscow."

The suspicion that Gulbuddin is secretly well-disposed to the Soviets is not as fantastic as it may sound. Gulbuddin is heavily financed by Libya, whose association with the Soviet Union speaks for itself. In some places, Gulbuddin's people camp openly within a kilometer of Russian Kabul military outposts without coming under Soviet attack. Bernd de Bruin visited Maidan and viewed the odd behavior of Gulbuddin's forces firsthand: "I asked the mujahadeen of Maidan whether they are going to attack some enemy convoys. They said it was not possible because the Gulbuddin people will not allow it. . . ."

Furthermore, it is rumored in Pakistani and American diplomatic circles that the Soviets may be willing to invite Gulbuddin to join the Karmal government as part of a compromise peace plan. If Gulbuddin's ambition leads him to be amenable to Soviet influence, international Moslem criticism of the Soviets might be defused without sacrificing Soviet hegemony in Kabul. Such a solution might satisfy the Soviet Union. It might satisfy Pakistan. It might satisfy the United Nations, the Third World, and even the United States. But it will not satisfy the Afghans.

A mujahed on his way to battle appears to the Western eye to be a warrior from centuries past. In many ways he is. He wears a turban and a dagger. There is a good chance that the rifle he carries was taken from a dead British soldier by his grandfather. He is part of a centuries-old tradition of fighting for his God and his country. He is not likely to lay down his arms because emissaries from a neighboring government in Pakistan and a puppet regime in Kabul sign a piece of paper in Switzerland.

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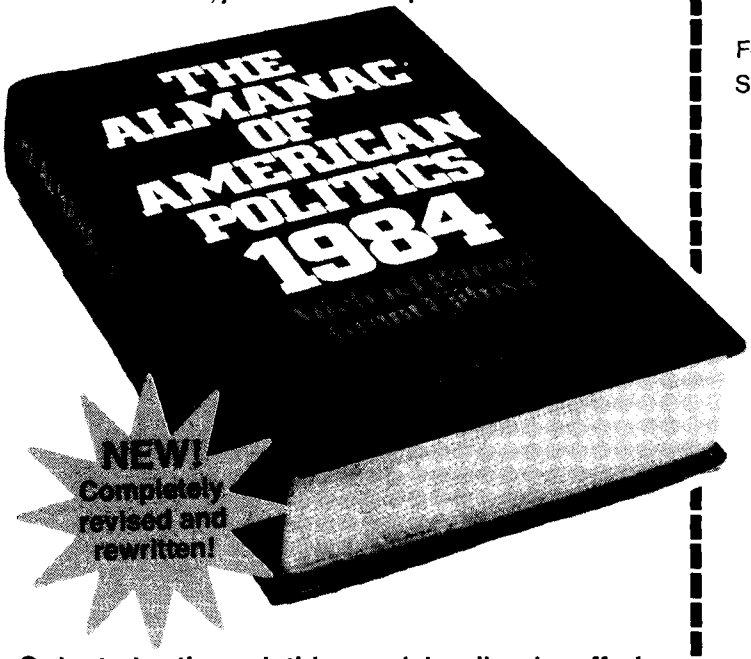

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Velvet Gloves

"Zanussi is a moralist," said a Polish book called *Polish Cinema* in 1972. Well, that's a fairly safe statement about any filmmaker (or playwright or novelist, any artist who deals with the representation of behavior): It's difficult to make a film that doesn't embody some sort of values and some attitude toward them. But that statement has been even safer about Krzysztof Zanussi. I've seen five of the ten or so features he made before his latest one, and, in each of them, principles were expounded, sometimes ironically but nonetheless expounded. Zanussi, born in 1939, was educated as a physicist, then went to the celebrated film school at Lodz. It's easy but not therefore necessarily wrong to discern those two educations in his work: his films have been like laboratory demonstrations at the same time that, cinematically, they have had considerable fluency.

Ways in the Night
(TeleCulture)

But Zanussi has moved up. Several years ago he made a film for West German television (WDR) that is just released here in theaters. WDR was chief sponsor of Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexanderplatz*; in discussing that giant work, I mentioned that the WDR production head is promoting the idea of "amphibious" films, which can live on both little and large screens. For the same sponsor, Zanussi has made the best film of his that I've seen, one that presumably succeeded on TV and that certainly succeeds on a theater screen. (Will WDR turn out to be the Medici family of contemporary European film?)

Ways in the Night is unmistakably concerned with morality. But this time Zanussi treats the subject obliquely, evocatively; and he has taken a considerable cue from the fact that he was making this film for Germany. (Possibly, after Fassbinder, I ought to mention that it runs only two hours and was designed to be seen at one viewing.) *Ways in the Night* deals with the German occupation of Poland in World War II and has a mixed cast of Germans and Poles. Zanussi pulls no punches about the harshness that is typical of wartime occupying forces nor about the special religious and racial strictures of this occupation. This is the soil that feeds his moral inquiry.

He uses a familiar dramatic situation, and proves again that only *reliance* on familiarity breeds contempt. Intent and conviction are all. What could be a more familiar situation than a soldier's attraction to a woman on the other side in a war? But Zanussi is so concentrated on the truth of their characters, of their interactions, that the story quickly becomes just a means of our getting closer to these people. The young German officer, played by Mathieu Carrière, is that well-known cultivated European military man: he does his military duty, and he knows his Chopin and Plato. The Polish woman, played by one of Zanussi's favorites, Maja Komorowska, is a baroness, owner of the estate where the German officers are quartered, who has moved to a smaller house across the way. She helps the Polish partisans, and she plays the Chopin.

Carrière makes all the moves that, in a conventional story constructed for conventional ends, would lead to a consummated affair, which in turn would lead to poignancy. He apologizes to the baroness for the inconveniences of occupation, he eavesdrops on her piano playing and comments knowledgeably, he compliments her on the pictures in her house—in short, he displays his "true" self, under the uniform, in the sensitivity mating-dance. He's not faking. It really is his self, part of it anyway, and he is really smitten by her. But his overture has none of the stock fictional effect.

Far from being won or even weakened, Komorowska is strengthened in antipathy, although she deploys her dislike skillfully. She views his proofs of sensitivity as perverse proofs of German brutality, all the worse for being carried out by people of cultivation. Further, she seems armored by some sense of being caught in a situation, almost a "script," and she refuses to obey it. Carrière, too, shows signs of recognizing his situation objectively, but he is so besotted with love that he can't reject his role. This is pointed out to him by an older, sardonic brother-officer, played by Horst Frank. He was once Carrière's professor of aesthetics, and if that fact is the one neat coincidence in the story, at least it's well used by Zanussi. It underscores Komorowska's refusal to distinguish between iron fists and velvet gloves.

Carrière doesn't take Frank's advice either to forget the woman or to have her as quickly as possible. The younger man struggles, insists on living *through* his drama, tries to reach Komorowska. She uses his feelings to deceive him in ways that help her family and that help partisans. When he confronts her with her duplicity, she is more than unashamed. She is an enemy, using what weapons she can; he has given her weapons. (She declines the figurative script; he accepts it.)

Zanussi wants to burn open the idea of public versus private morality. Car-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

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Zelig. Woody Allen's eighty-four-minute beginning for a film. Zelig, the "chameleon man," is comically described, then simply not employed in a story. No launch, but a scintillating countdown.

SK

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rière kills a partisan with a knife, pays no heed to the dangling corpses of two hanged partisans, accepting that these matters are part of his obligated public self; his private self is his important self, which validates him. One reason that he needs to be in love with the baroness, hopeless though his case may be, is that his love gives him a chance, in the midst of his public obligations, to show that he is privately otherwise. Komorowska is obviously the stronger: because her being as a Pole is inseparable from her playing of Chopin—and vice versa.

Zanussi, attacking the consolations of schizoid morality, gets in his last blow with an epilogue twenty-five years later. Carrière's daughter by his German wife, now a young woman, is not at all interested in her father's experiences. She refuses the one chance she is given, a posthumous letter, to distinguish between what she knows of her father through his public actions and what the letter might reveal of his private self. (I couldn't help wondering what her reaction would be to this film if she could see it.)

Zanussi's move from dexterous laboratory constructs to vital film is tremendously aided by his two leading actors. The role of the baroness was presumably written for Komorowska, for whom he has written before but not as well. Here he shows, as Shaw once said of himself, that he is a good ladies' tailor. He brings out the best in the blonde, poised, mature Komorowska with a role in which her very reserve underscores her eroticism and in which the perceptions that she manifests seem only part of her understanding.

Zanussi has also done well by Carrière, and vice versa. Carrière is less immediately promising, thus more pleasantly surprising when he deepens. I had seen him in Rohmer's *The Aviator's Wife* (I think he's bilingual, not dubbed in either film) where he did not impress. Here he gets it all, the smoldering torment, the hopelessness, the almost purified acceptance of it.

As the former professor, Frank has a simpler role, but he repeats his two or three chords musically. Zbigniew Zapasiewicz, whom I've seen in earlier Zanussi and in Wajda films, is the librarian-tutor on the estate and is, as before, extremely heavy.

The film looks grainy—I assume that it's been blown up to wide-screen size from its TV original—but the color and

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compositions and flow are good, harmonized. Chopin is frequently present on the soundtrack, and the look of the film, aside from its scenes of violence, has a matching hush and loneliness.

For some time I've been reading that Zanussi is the best of the post-Wajda generation, but to me, that's not much of a milestone. Besides, *Ways in the Night* is more subtle than any Wajda film that I know. I hope it marks Zanussi's passage into full artistry.

Odessa, New Jersey, California.

SALT WATER

BY ROBERT PINSKY

ALL FOUR of my grandparents came to live in Long Branch, New Jersey when they were young people. Long Branch is an ocean resort, once a famous watering spot painted by Winslow Homer, visited by Abraham Lincoln and Diamond Jim Brady: "the Newport of its day," people said. But in the days when my grandparents raised their families in Long Branch, and later when I grew up there, the town was decayed: the beach eroded, the boardwalk on the famous bluffs given over to honky-tonk, many of the immense Victorian "cottages" on Ocean Avenue converted to hotels or to "cook-alones" or gutted by Jewish Lightning, as arson for insurance purposes was known.

I have an early memory of going down to the ocean in a car to watch a hurricane. From across the boardwalk, through sheets of rain, feeling the car rock on its springs in the mighty gusts, we saw the water spill in exhilarating sheets over the seawall, submerge the jetties and break off chunks of pavement and boardwalk. As a climax, the hurricane that year tore a hot dog stand right off its wooden stilts and into the ocean.

Except for one unhappy year I spent in Chicago, I have always lived near salt water; so have my brother and sister and cousins. My grandfather Dave Pinsky was among other things a bootlegger during Prohibition; since one or two of the family stories from those days involve boats, the ocean may have had a practical, commercial importance to him. But it is not easy to picture him with the spray in his face, or even with his clothes wet. He is a figure from *Roaring Twenties*, not *Man of Aran*. He was a professional fighter for a time, and there is a picture of him in a black turtleneck, scowling and putting up his fists in the traditional pose.

His raffish, rowdy confidence has always appealed to me. Grandpa Dave, with his bar (the Broadway Tavern), his big hands and ape face, his gentile wife (number three), and his enormous Christmas tree exerted a thuggish swank, an attractive counterforce away from another conception of being Jewish, a cerebral timidity epitomized by debate about Christmas carols. Should Jewish kids in public schools sing them as "just songs"? A boy called Barney Hirsch took the opposite view that one must stand mute and immobile. Some compromisers lip-synched without vocalizing, while others omitted the religious parts only:

> "*La-la* the Savior is born!"

The point about Grandpa Dave was not assimilation, but something like assurance.

It was partly a small-town assurance. The bar and his past made him firmly a local character. My father, an optician rather than a barkeeper, had a certain small-town outlook as well. I can hear him asking me about an encounter with a teacher, storekeeper, cop, doctor: "Did he know who you were?" This wasn't said with arrogance, but with respect for the idea that we fit in the fabric of the place. The other side of the question was something like: "I know who he is; his uncle is an asphalt contractor. He used to do a specialty dance at dance marathons."

This small-town element, and a kind of criminal element, and what I'll call the salt-water element, have seemed left out, to me, in the many American novels about Jewish life in New York or Chicago. I am tempted to distinguish between New York Jews and salt-water Jews. This may explain why I love Isaac Babel's Odessa stories, with their romanticized Jewish gangsters:

> Reb Arye-Leib was silent, sitting on the cemetery wall. Finally he said: "Why he? Why not they, you wish to know? then see here, forget for a while that you have spectacles on your nose and autumn in your heart. Cease playing the rowdy at your desk and stammering while others are about. Imagine for a moment that you play the rowdy in public places and stammer on paper. You are a tiger, you are a lion, you are a cat. You can spend the night with a Russian woman, and satisfy her. You are twenty-five. If rings were fastened to heaven and earth, you would grasp them and draw heaven and earth together. . . . That's why he's the King, while you thumb your nose in the privy."

And then the old man tells the youth the comical epic tale of Benya's rise to become king of the dockside gangsters. One of the many things that interest me in the quotation is the process of mythologizing and glamorizing. I recognize that process, independently of content. (And Odessa is, of course, a seaport.) I recognize the scene of the old man telling the youth a story they both probably know already.

One of the main junkyards in Long Branch used to belong to a man called, oddly enough, Ash. I went to Izzy Ash's junkyard in the summer of 1962 to get a part for a 1953 Dodge convertible which I proposed to drive out to California. I was going to be a poet, and I was going to Stanford. Mr. Ash took this in as he grunted and tugged at a long-handled wrench, removing the part I needed from a wrecked Coronet.

I told Mr. Ash that I was going to graduate school, not that I was going to be a writer. As it happens, he knew more than might be expected about going to graduate school. And I had already, that summer, been embarrassed by the idea that I was a writer.

A Long Branch boy called Danny Pingitore was having some minor success under another name as a television actor at this time. The absurdity of the ambitions I was carrying west with me had been driven home when Danny

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Robert Pinsky, TNR's poetry editor, recently moved to California.

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phoned me earlier that summer. I didn't really know him, he was at least five years older than me, but our mothers had run into one another in a store, and he was in Long Branch for part of July.

"Robert, this is Danny Pingitore. Your mother says you are going out to California to be a writer."

"Well, yes."

"There's something I really want to tell you."

"What's that?"

"Don't go."

"What?"

"Don't go, Robert, I mean it. I know a lot of writers in L.A. and they all say this is the worst year for it. It was okay for a while, but they aren't producing any more hour shows at all. Everything is half-hour shows. That's all they're making, and most of the writers out there already can't get work."

So I simply told Mr. Ash that I was going to Stanford, to graduate school. In Izzy Ash's class at Long Branch High School there were two outstanding students, both from Jewish families. Both went to Harvard: Mike Abrams and Barry Green, two brilliant and ambitious Long Branch boys whose stories still meant something to Mr. Ash as he braced his feet against the sandy, shadeless, oil-stained dirt of his junkyard and pulled a part free along its channeled bracket. He had his generation's respect for what doing well in school could do for somebody whose family had no money or power. So he told me about Mike and Barry.

Mike Abrams went from Harvard College to graduate school and became a distinguished professor, the author of a famous book (*The Mirror and the Lamp*, a study of the two Romantic images for poetry; though I had not exactly read it, I knew that it was—as it did prove to be—very good). Barry Green became a rich, clever lawyer, but sadly—as Mr. Ash told me the myth he knew I knew—in the course of his climb to success he got in deep with the Mob, including a deal that involved selling orange peels to the government for the production of synthetic sugar. The deal was saturated in fraud, bribery, chicanery—even, when you think about it, despoiling the Treasury in wartime; and the dukes and generals of the Mob (in Long Branch, where Vito Genovese had his once-famous yellow eyeglasses made by my father, "Mafia" always sounded almost highbrow or literary), protecting the myth of their patriotism, declared that Barry Green would have to go to prison, and so he did. The alternative was testifying, and sudden disappearance. His wife and daughters—both beautiful, they took elocution lessons, and the younger one was the first girl in town to play Little League—were taken care of by the dukes.

Meanwhile, the story concluded, Mike Abrams continued the idyllic life of an honored professor at Cornell University, an Ivy League college in a class with Harvard itself.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DAVE PINSKY, CIRCA 1920

Mr. Ash sighed emphatically. He knew from his children, my classmates, that I had not been a very good student in high school, and his telling me this story was a way of indicating respect for my new seriousness. Wiping his head with his forearm, he finished with a moral:

"Yes, Robert, there's two different paths in life: it's just like North Broadway and South Broadway."

Having said this, Izzy Ash held out to me the extracted, rebuildable fuel pump of the Coronet. Broadway's two forks, North and South, form a Y just a couple of blocks from the beach. One of the things that seemed funny to me about Mr. Ash's allegorizing of the town, even as I nodded solemnly, is that North Broadway and South Broadway extend only to arrive at exactly the same place—the Atlantic Ocean.

On Broadway not far from where it divides there was a string of Jewish-owned businesses; those shops produced a number of distinguished names. One—was it a paint and hardware store?—belonged to the parents of M. H. Abrams. Norman Mailer's aunt had a dress shop called, I think, Estelle's. Another store of some kind paid for the first lessons of the noted pianist Julius Katchen. And I think that the parents of Jeff Chandler, the movie star who played Cochise in *Broken Arrow*, owned the delicatessen. Their name was Grossel.

The feeling about a place that makes people pass on such lore—I probably have the details all wrong, but those people really were born in Long Branch—is a feeling of importance. To mythologize or inflate a community, or even to make anecdote (or allegory) of it, is both to submerge one's identity partway into the communal identity, and to assert one's importance. To make one's native place illustrious is an acceptable, ancient form of claiming personal significance. As a kind of impersonal boasting, it raises the great conflict and accommodation between

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self and community, figure and background.

The sense of importance, or heroic weight, is a big part of what thrills me in Edward Arlington Robinson's *Eros Turannos*, the power of the plural *we* and the way that uncomprehending, smugly provincial *we* vibrates and gives a greater power to the singular *her*, in the closing stanzas:

> The falling leaf inaugurates
> The reign of her confusion:
> The pounding wave reverberates
> The dirge of her illusion;
> And home, where passion lived and died,
> Becomes a place where she can hide,
> While all the town and harbor side
> Vibrate with her seclusion.
>
> We tell you, tapping on our brows,
> The story as it should be,—
> As if the story of a house
> Were told, or ever could be;
> We'll have no kindly veil between
> Her visions and those we have seen,—
> As if we guessed what hers have been,
> Or what they are or would be.
>
> Meanwhile we do no harm; for they
> That with a god have striven,
> Not hearing much of what we say,
> Take what the god has given;
> Though like waves breaking it may be,
> Or like a changed familiar tree,
> Or like a stairway to the sea
> Where down the blind are driven.

The excitement of this gloomy grandeur and glory—"They/That with a god have striven"—depends upon the peculiar relationship between the rather mean-minded, brow-tapping townfolk and the woman. Though she did not hear much of what they say, they help give her isolation heroic scale, as surely as she gives them something worth talking about.

This relationship of the tragic individual to the provincial community comes through so powerfully that it almost obliterates the equally brilliant first half of the poem, where the woman's choice of a terrible love affair over no love at all is etched with enormous conviction. The poem is charged with all the pride and frustration Robinson must have felt as a penniless, ailing provincial, successful neither in the terms of small-town life nor in the terms of the standard literary culture of the 1890s and after, whose magazines wanted no part of his work.

I think I love the poem partly for the detail that Long Branch shares with the Maine town Robinson was thinking of—the "stairway to the sea." And just as large, spooky vibrations course between "her" and "we," other tremendous, old forces pass between the Homeric opposites "sea" and "home":

> And home, where passion lived and died,
> Becomes a place where she can hide
> While all the town and harbor side
> Vibrate with her seclusion.

Her house is near the ocean, and her home town, where we think we know so much, is right on the ocean. Stairs go right down to where the waves crash. Her fate and glory, her *doom* in the original sense, all seem located out there, in the same dangerous, productive waters where the swarthy, piratical sea-trading businessmen who made a first ideal audience for *The Odyssey* located glory, death, wonder, and profit. Telemachos is set out onto it in order to make a name for himself. "Home" and "sea," being of a place and leaving it: Robinson's poem makes Izzy Ash seem less ludicrous, more an intuitively bard-like figure. Only Harvard, Hollywood, New York seem inadequate to their half of the Homeric equation. Broadway, with its two forks and its ambitious, cunning sons, seems Ithaca enough, when one reads Robinson's poem.

IN BABEL'S STORY "Awakening," the Jewish fathers of Odessa run a "lottery, building it on the bones of little children." That is, since Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz were Odessa babies, all of the kids in that circle were taught music, by Mr. Zagursky, who ran "a factory of Jewish dwarfs in lace collars and patent-leather pumps," girls "aflame with hysteria" pressing violins to their "feeble knees," "big-headed, freckled children with necks as thin as flower stalks and an epileptic flush on their cheeks."

The narrator, at fourteen, is beyond "the age limit set for infant prodigies," but he is short and weak, as small as an eight-year-old: "Herein lay my father's hope." The father, significantly, is hopelessly and insanely obsessed not with money but with glory: "though my father could have reconciled himself to poverty, fame he must have."

But the boy props a book by Turgenev or Dumas on the music stand, while "the sounds dripped from my fiddle like iron filings, causing even me excruciating agony." And one day, on the way to Zagursky's for a lesson, the boy sets out on his own course for glory. He begins secretly cutting the lessons and heads in another direction, the direction in which Athene tells Telemachos to seek glory in Book One of *The Odyssey*. He heads for the ocean.

Down by the docks, he accompanies his friend Nemanov onto an English ship to get a consignment of smuggled handmade pipes. (The boy Nemanov will grow up to find glory as "A New York millionaire, director of General Motors, a company no less powerful than Ford.") Torn in "a struggle of Rabbis versus Neptune," the would-be writer, on one of these days by the docks, meets an old man who teaches him how to swim, encourages him as a writer, and commands him to look for the first time at the natural world. ("In my childhood, chained to the Gemara, I had led the life of a sage. When I grew up I started climbing trees.") As Babel puts it, "the local water-god took pity on me."

This water-god, proofreader of the *Odessa News*, reads a work of the boy's, "a tragedy I had written the day before." The old man reads, runs a hand through his hair, paces up and down; then —

> "One must suppose," he said slowly, pausing after each word, "one must suppose that there's a spark of the divine fire in you."

The water-god then immediately takes the boy outside:

> He pointed with his stick at a tree with a reddish trunk and a low crown.
> "What's that tree?"
> I didn't know.
> "What's growing on that bush?"
> I didn't know this either.

And so forth, with the names of birds, where they fly away to, even—astoundingly, yet credibly—on which side the sun rises.

What seems important is not the old man's perception that "a feeling for nature" is essential to a writer, but the truth that the boy has been led somehow to neglect not merely the natural world, but the very physical world itself, in which his own body must live. It is fitting and deeply traditional that in order to encounter this truth the boy must head down toward the docks, the Moldavanka district where the Jewish gangsters like Benya Krik rule: that is, toward the earth-shaking, massive, threatening and challenging domain of Poseidon, Odysseus's opponent.

Something I like in the story is that there is enough glory to go around for

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everyone: Nemanov at General Motors, Gabrilowitsch playing a recital before the Czar, the young writer deciding to climb trees. The scale of the ocean, and its message of possibility—any pitfall or wonder imaginable is in it somewhere—seems to encourage the idea of measuring human life, with its names and desires, against the preposterously enormous backdrop. That is why the woman in *Eros Turannos* appears against that heroic backdrop. Such characters prove worthy of salt water.

It is ridiculous, but Izzy Ash's venture into allegory or Danny Pingitore's venture into Hollywood, toward fame, the whole Long Branch pantheon of Jeff Chandler, Barry Green, Vito Genovese, Norman Mailer, seems in my imagination also related to the overwhelming size and perpetual movement of the ocean. It is so big and changing and unchanging, its various noises are so evocative and musical, it suggests so much of heroic risk or gaudy pleasure, that the imagination is nudged by its presence in extravagant directions.

Everybody carries their own rulers and scales with them. When I arrived in California, I had never seen land elevated beyond the hundred feet or so of Atlantic Highlands, or the rolling hills near the Delaware. The Sierras permanently astonished me. The clarity and immensity of the air and rock, the extent and nakedness of the light, were things I had not imagined. Kodak dyes fail to indicate the penetration and subtlety of the colors. In a sense, I was like the archetypal provincial gaping at the towers of Manhattan. But, for the scope and grandeur of size—though here the first big impression is of how much can be seen, while at home it is how much may remain hidden, out and below—I did have a standard to bring. And there is an ocean here, to help me feel at home and to remind me that I come from someplace.

Berkeley, 1983

WISE WITNESSES

Children of War
by Roger Rosenblatt

(Doubleday, 212 pp., $13.95)

As I read Roger Rosenblatt's account of his visits with children whose lives have been affected, long and hard, by the turmoil of one or another war, I kept thinking of some terse but pointed remarks I once heard Anna Freud deliver: "We need to learn the skills of direct observation. We need the patience to watch children, to keep watching. Our conclusions can come later." She was not, at the time, indulging in pietistic rhetoric. She knew all too well what voluble theorists can do—submit the lives of children, among others, to the demands of one or another conceptual point of view. Perhaps the time had come, she was more than hinting, for restraint—a careful, attentive regard for how a diversity of children fare under various circumstances rendered (as was her constant habit) in clear, direct, unaffected prose. Were she alive today, she'd surely read *Children of War* with great interest and admiration. (She herself wrote a book titled *War and Children*, telling of her work with English boys and girls whose lives were disrupted by the Nazi bombings of World War II.)

In the spring of 1981, "the idea for taking this journey" came upon the author, an essayist who has taught literature at Harvard, been an editor of this magazine, and is now a wide-ranging writer at *Time*. He wondered what was happening to children who live in Northern Ireland, in Israel and Lebanon, in Cambodia and Vietnam, where war of one kind or another is for many a daily experience—and he decided to go visit those countries and learn what he could from the boys and girls themselves. By mid-September he was on his way. For five weeks he visited homes and schools and refugee camps, talked with not only the young but with their parents and teachers and caretakers, and very important, spent a good deal of time conversing with himself—contrasting, often enough, his prior attitudes and assumptions with his newly acquired sense of things. The result is an extraordinary book (which began as a *Time* cover story): at once a careful description of children trying to survive serious political turmoil; an exposition of particular, persisting military confrontations (what they're supposedly about and how they bear down on civilian families); and not least, a wise consideration of what we human beings are—the ones who, after all, pursue these grim, deadly wars, and who justify their purposes, over and over, while of course condemning as absurd or out-

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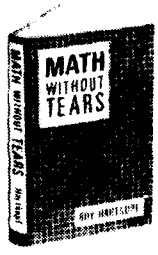

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rageous anyone else's justifications.

In Northern Ireland, needless to say, those justifications take on an especially ironic, even macabre character. Christ, the Prince of Peace, beckons paramilitary groups on both sides—a reminder that religious passions historically have been as murderously wayward as those prompted by secular ideologies, nationalism, or racially connected political strife. During his stay in Belfast Roger Rosenblatt was at pains to go everywhere, it seems. Most of all he sat with children, tried to learn what they had to say, tried to take the measure of their hopes, worries, fears, and not least, their prejudices and hates. His questions were simple, directly put. He had no questionnaire, no list of "issues" to discuss. He would ask a child who had lost a friend in a confrontation with the British army whether he or she was close to that child. He would ask how his or her parents, never mind the parents of the deceased, were taking the death. He would ask whether the boy or girl had any bad feelings toward the soldiers. He would ask the children about their religious life—what they see happening around them, and how all that connects with what they've learned in church, what they've come to believe as true, as right, as fitting.

I must say the responses of such children are always astonishing, even to one who has heard similar replies from children (maybe even the same ones!) in similar neighborhoods. In fact, as I've heard children say what Roger Rosenblatt heard them say, I've more than once wondered whether I'm being put on, or am in a reverie, in which the voices are no one's but my own—since, surely, the self-important outsider concludes, children aren't up to such morally refined and subtle and sensitive comment. For that matter, some of us assume most adults aren't either—except, of course, for one or another educated friend, and a few of our educated colleagues. How many of us writers or researchers would manage the patience and forgiving charity, the compassionate understanding of others, even those in the camp of the enemy, shown by the children who appear in this book?

Bernadette, for example, at fifteen, mourns the death of her sister Julie—a plastic bullet fired by a British soldier went right into her brain—but renounces revenge as a suitable response. She knows that the man who killed her sister was himself only a few years older, and not by any means a rich and powerful Englishman. "You tend to pray more," she tells her American journalist visitor, who dares ask: "Is it faith or superstition?" The reader holds his breath—feels some annoyance: why ask such a presumptuous question? But one need not fear for the lass: "Both" she responds—then makes sure she is damn well heard: "A bit of both." A thirteen-year-old boy, Paul, who lives in a Protestant neighborhood, and whose father was gunned down has a similar view of revenge: "Nothin's worth killing someone."

Back on the Catholic side, a twelve-year-old girl commented in this fashion on the death (by a sniper's action) of a Belfast (Protestant) policeman: "His baby will never know him." A psychiatrist, Dr. Alexander Lyons, who works with such children, acknowledges to the author the terrible stresses they bear—boys and girls often used as warriors, messengers, hostages in a constant war between various paramilitary groups—and yet finds himself "more impressed by their resilience than by their occasional breakdowns."

IN ISRAEL Mr. Rosenblatt again meets brave and reflective children, many of whom (in the border communities) have known constant death and destruction at the hands of terrorists. The stories are horrible, and the children remember what they have seen, often with lasting anger. The author makes this comparison of what he saw: "The Israeli children, unlike the children of Belfast, do not form their views of war solely on the ground of personal experience and personal morality. Sophisticated or not, they all have an articulate sense of Israel's nationhood and Israel's politics." These are children for whom a nation, its aspirations and military predicament, is a major presence—a source of everyday loyalties, commitments, beliefs.

Among the Palestinian children whom Mr. Rosenblatt visited in Lebanon (mostly Beirut and the West Bank) the idea of a future nation replaces the reality of one sturdily in possession of itself, no matter constant threats. Here the author notices resilience again—and, as in Belfast, he does not expect such a state of mind in people so confused and fearful and torn by a sectarian violence which easily matches the religious kind of Ulster. But now for the first time the author notices "melancholy and bitterness" as persistent qualities of mind and heart in the young, and his visits to orphanages are deeply distressing—though even under such circumstances he notices the odd elixir nationalism can be for boys and girls, offering "them a purpose for living, where much else in their lives had tried to take all purposes away."

HE STOPS his travels for three days—or, rather, proceeds to Greece to collect his thoughts before taking on Asia's awful tragedies. In Athens he walks the streets, visits a city's famous ruins, its everyday street life. He begins to realize how serious these children he has met have turned out to be, how attentive to him, to his attitude of watchful interest. He begins to understand the nature of their conflict—one of the moral imagination hard put to comprehend, never mind to forgive, the chronic harassment of the adult world. He has learned that by and large the children do "believe in God." He adds: "And they believed quite strongly"—whether Protestant or Catholic, Moslem or Jewish. This capacity for strong faith is a reminder of the thickly textured character of the moral lives of children—and without question, the observation of that ethical capacity in such vulnerable boys and girls has touched deeply this American writer, who necessarily must be skeptical and tough-minded in his approach to people and events.

Soon enough the Western writer was in Thailand and Cambodia, and then in Hong Kong, talking with children who had fled the Khmer Rouge, and children whose parents were "boat people," refugees from Vietnam. In the refugee camps along the Thai border memories of unspeakable hell persist in thousands of youngsters, some of whom have seen their parents killed, and walked by themselves or with a handful of others for miles through thick jungle territory to the uncertain and vulnerable life of an internationally subsidized camp. Many of the children are thoroughly subdued: almost speechless, and it seems, affectless—with no willingness to smile, to cry, to shout, to show any emotion other than an unnerving, stoic wariness. On the other hand, and in spite of the almost unimaginable tragedies witnessed and experienced, there are many children who appear to be remarkably sturdy, self-reliant, and not least, fairly san-

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guine about what the future will bring. Neil Boothby, a remarkably sensitive and knowing American child psychologist who was working with Cambodian children when Roger Rosenblatt visited the refugee camps, gently teaches him what he has surmised from day-to-day experience: "When people suffer as much as these children have, hope almost becomes a mechanism by which they survive. Perhaps it is in their worst hours that the thoughts of freedom are created. Part of their optimism may be tied to experience, then, and part of it to something that exists in all of us. It's just *there*."

At a certain point that is about all the most sophisticated and subtle-minded psychological observer can say—an existentialist cry of sorts: even our young ones who have been cursed with the worst possible circumstances won't readily let go of this life's grip; rather, they gird themselves and manage moments and longer of good humor, and go on—one day, then the next, of a life that is to be lived so long as such is allowed. When Roger Rosenblatt realized how amazingly persistent such children can be, he wondered whether somehow, some way, he wouldn't find out more—an explanation, perhaps, a further penetration of an aspect of a particular human reality. He even returned to Lebanon a second time, in the summer of 1982, when war broke out there. Not yet did he see in these young ones the psychological collapse he may have expected. Maybe in a few years—or maybe never? In any event, by that second visit he had become, like Neil Boothby, and like Anna Freud herself, a reasonably experienced observer of children's lives, hence sensible enough to know when to call it quits for a while, so far as explanatory theory goes—in favor of a commitment, not unlike that made by many hurt children everywhere, to the promises or possibilities of this everyday life. "I believe we have to wait, to let children teach us, even surprise us," Anna Freud once told a colleague, and by his travels, and his effort to comprehend them through writing, Roger Rosenblatt proves her quite correct yet again.

ROBERT COLES

DATA VERSUS DOGMA

Inside the Wall Street Journal
by Jerry M. Rosenberg

(Macmillan, 352 pp., $15.75)

The Wall Street Journal
by Lloyd Wendt

(Rand McNally, 448 pp., $16.95)

Fifteen years ago I wrote in the acknowledgements to my book *Toward a Democratic Left*: "I wish also to state a special debt to *The Wall Street Journal*, whose news columns are as informative as its editorial opinions are quaintly reactionary. The reformist, and even anti-capitalist, data of this staunch defender of the status quo are worthy of particular note." I had, I now realize, blundered into a perception of the schizophrenia of the bourgeoisie.

The men—and it is still primarily a man's world—who rule the boardrooms of America are eminently practical, no-nonsense people who, they constantly remind us, meet payrolls and do not therefore have time for intellectual theorizing. Yet these very same people are as fervidly ideological as some youthful convert to Trotskyism who has found in Marx the answer to all problems, not excluding the common cold. Scratch an anti-intellectual pragmatist, Keynes once said, and you will usually find someone in thrall to ideas from an obsolete book. That is certainly true of the captains of American industry who believe in Adam Smith and practice state monopoly capitalism.

Indeed, the last time that the system got into the kind of structural trouble it confronts again today it took an aristocrat at the head of a relatively radical mass movement to save the capitalists from their rigid, ideological selves. And it is, of course, easy to argue that Ronald Reagan is the dialectical incarnation of this schizophrenia, a man of inflexible principle and affable opportunism. *The Wall Street Journal* is thus a genuine representative of the business community about which it reports.

You will not get this—or any—interpretation of the *Journal* from these two new books about it. Jerry Rosenberg's *Inside the Wall Street Journal* is not an "inside" story at all unless that term is extended to cover authorized biographies. Rosenberg thanks everyone at Dow Jones, the *Journal*'s parent company, from the chairman of the board to the archivists, and his analysis is roughly what one would expect when there is such open collaboration between subject and author. Lloyd Wendt's book has more of an air of independence, but it is bold mainly by comparison. On a couple of counts there are interesting divergences between these volumes with regard to the facts. In 1902, Clarence W. Barron, five feet five inches tall and three hundred pounds corpulent, bought out Charles Dow. In Rosenberg's account, Barron was "the dy-

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namic force in the life of *The Wall Street Journal*" for the next twenty-six years. Mrs. Barron is not even mentioned. But in Wendt's history, "Jessie Barron and her editors" actually ran the publication until 1912 when C. W. Barron finally took charge. It is, one would think, of some moment that a woman directed the most influential business publication in the United States for all those years; in fact, Wendt does discuss some of the tensions that resulted. But I will leave such matters to the scholars. For now, I am more concerned with using the raw data supplied by both Rosenberg and Wendt to put the *Journal*'s past and present into perspective.

The newspaper began publication at a fateful moment in American economic history: 1889. That was toward the end of a tumultuous transformation of the American economy, a significant shift of the system but within the system, in that respect quite like what is going on today. Laissez-faire capitalism was becoming monopoly capitalism in a crisis-ridden transition that lasted for two decades. In 1900, when Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan merged several companies to create the United States Steel Corporation, Rosenberg writes,

> Charles Dow found little cause for alarm in the steel trust. . . . The *Journal* informed its readers that Carnegie, had he chosen to, could have started a steel price war at little risk to himself. The merger, which would eliminate competition and result in uniform prices, would cause fewer disruptions in the national economy.

That is the voice of tough-minded American business which does not particularly worry if the pursuit of its self-interest requires the calculated violation of the holy principles of free enterprise. Indeed, in those years the *Journal* published articles on the intertwining interests of the Morgans and the Rockefellers as well as the "Greater New York Public Utility Family Tree." Far from being ashamed, the editors said that these interconnections helped "the stability and the power of American commerce." "Combination," they argued, was another word for "cooperation."

So it should not come as a surprise that, as Wendt recounts it, the *Journal* approved Herbert Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corporation in 1931 and his proposal to modify the antitrust laws "so that natural resource industries may check the ruinous competition that now demoralizes them and their employees." There was an important wing of corporate America in the 1920s, it should be remembered, which favored planned capitalism. Felix Rohatyn has not sprung from Zeus's brow; his history is older than he is (and all the more disturbing for that fact).

One last example of the realistic strand in the *Journal*: it opposed John Kennedy's escalation of American involvement in Vietnam. In 1968, it even published an article by John Kenneth Galbraith urging businessmen to oppose the war—and half agreed with it. But then a certain tradition was at work. In 1914, C. W. Barron's analysis of World War I—that it was a struggle over Asia Minor and the Middle East—agreed in significant respects with Rosa Luxembourg's Marxist account of the event. However, one shouldn't be surprised by such a convergence. America, Leon Trotsky once said with great prescience, is the "pacifist imperialist" convinced that if only the ancient quarrels of the European capitalists can be stilled, then American corporations can conquer the world nonviolently. Thus it should not come as a shock that a good portion of the American business class—and *The Wall Street Journal*—had serious doubts about Vietnam.

So much for the *Journal's* realpolitik. It is also hopelessly, sometimes sophomorically, ideological. In the 1928 campaign, when the Socialist Party was a haggard memory of its Debsian self and the Communists even weaker, the *Journal* found Al Smith—Al Smith!—soft on socialism. That is, I think, something of a paradigmatic case in point. Why has American business devoted so much time and money to fighting socialism in the only advanced industrial country without a mass socialist movement? Part of the answer is ideological in the crude sense of the term: by discovering socialists (or Communists) under every bed, one can convince people that national health—which began in Germany under Bismarck and the Kaiser about a hundred years ago—is Bolshevism. And part of the answer is ideological in a more sophisticated context: sincerely deluded corporate thinkers see socialism as planning controlled democratically while free enterprise is planning controlled autocratically.

The most recent ideological binge, which is still going on, has been the work of Robert Bartley, who came to the *Journal* in 1964, became editor of the editorial page in 1972 and editor of the *Journal* itself in 1979. Bartley recruited writers like Paul Craig Roberts and Jude Wanniski, who, under the spell of the economists Arthur Laffer and Robert Mundell (who regarded Laffer as "the greatest living economist"), turned the

A STORY ABOUT THE BODY

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ROBERT HASS

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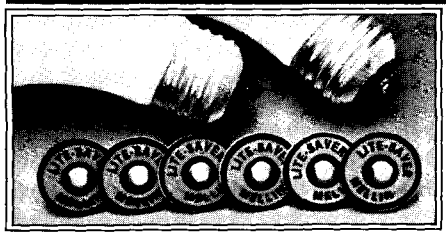

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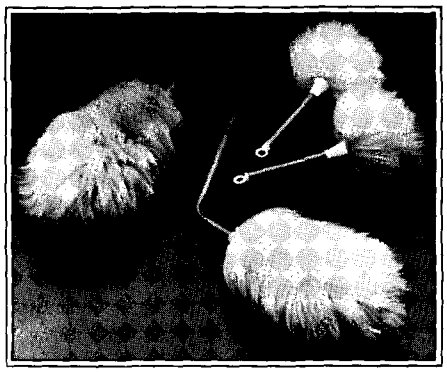

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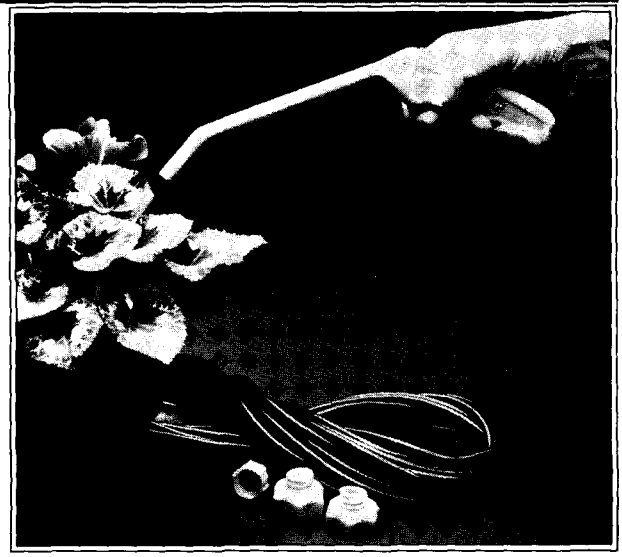

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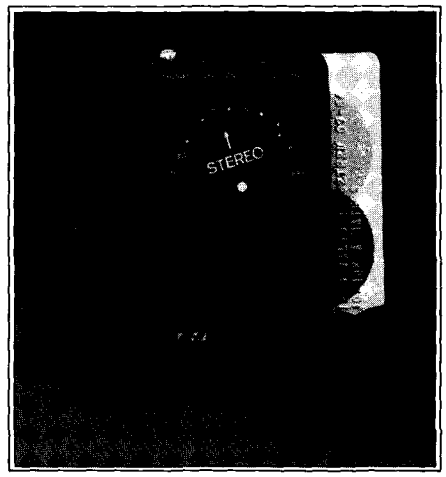

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Journal editorial page into a predictable mouthpiece for supply-side economics. Wendt is particularly good on this momentous conversion. So it was that, in the spring of 1983, the *Journal*'s editorialists proved that the economic recovery was the consequence of supply-side economics even though the government's giveaway to the corporate rich resulted, not in an investment boom, but in an investment bust accompanied by a frenzy of speculative activity.

Rosenberg quotes Ben Bagdikian on these developments and Bagdikian is right on the mark. "Its staff is so split over ideology of business and journalistic judgment," he wrote of the *Journal*,

> that it is a regular occurrence that a phenomenon reported on page one as a fact will be written on the editorial page as a nonfact. What reporters in the field document as a proved deception will be praised by the editorial writers as The Truth.

Surveying a selected period, Bagdikian discovered that 80 percent of the *Journal*'s editorials were devoted to five rather standard condemnations. For myself, I used to get irritated at the editorials; if I read them at all now I yawn. At the same time much of the reportage on the current economic crisis—particularly the accounts of human suffering—have been superb.

If I am right, this split is just an extreme case of the schizophrenia of the bourgeoisie. Corporate executives want the facts which are necessary to their survival—but those same facts often undercut their most treasured ideological premises. Thus the *Journal*'s news columns are still indispensable resources for radical critics of American society.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Michael Harrington is the author of the forthcoming *Politics at God's Funeral* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

THE POLITICS OF THE LITERATI

The Left Bank: Writers, Artists, and Politics from the Popular Front to the Cold War by Herbert Lottman

(Houghton Mifflin, 319 pp., $15.95)

One of the striking characteristics of almost all the French writers who are at the center of Herbert Lottman's book is how astoundingly apolitical they were until some major national or international event snapped them from the realm of the imagination into the real world. For some, it was the yawning economic depression of the early 1930s. André Gide, one of these, was sixty-three before he suddenly threw himself into politics. Born rich, he had spent his life until then in refined pursuits, shuttling between his family's Protestant puritanism and his tendency to epicurean homosexuality. He had been vaguely royalist, vaguely anti-Semitic, had found Adolf Hitler very attractive. He confessed frankly to his journal: "I don't understand anything about politics." But suddenly it came to him in a blinding light: Communism would save the world!

André Malraux had also begun his adult life in the arts—if stealing statues from a Cambodian temple can be called artistic (he was sentenced to three years in prison and only released after a petition in his favor was signed by a large number of leading men of letters). With Malraux it was the *élan* of the Popular Front that brought him into the swirl of world events; like Gide, he was a temporary idolator of the Soviet Union. For Jean-Paul Sartre it took the actual collapse of France in 1940 under the savage assault of the *Wehrmacht* to convince him that there was something going on out there worthy of his interest. He once admitted to an interviewer that until 1944 he had "of course" never voted. In short, most of these writers had no intuitive grasp of the ordinary give-and-take of democratic politics, the uninspiring pursuit of limited objectives, compromise, politics as "the art of the possible." What they were looking for was some sort of spiritual salvation, and when history called on them to choose they rarely picked democracy. In fact, they rarely understood it or the workings of any kind of political system. The question was not whether you would buy a used car from these men, but whether they could even drive the car.

Sartre, the most famous of all French writers in the postwar period, having made his overnight descent from ivory tower to this vulgar world, visited the Soviet Union at the height of Stalinist terror and reported:

> The freedom to criticise is total in Russia. Contact is broad, open, and as easy as possible. In Russia a man is aware of the constant progress of his own life as well as social life. Intellectual and collective interests coincide.

He was never contrite. There was that awkward moment in 1956 when Khrushchev himself denounced Stalin, but Sartre was on top of the situation again in the twinkling of an eye. "We must all stand by the Soviet Union in order to preserve hope," he declared. Criticism of the U.S.S.R. was to be rejected utterly. "An anti-Communist is a swine," he had already written. "I won't change my mind on that score. Never." Needless to say, Sartre considered the United States the greatest obstacle to the "salvation of mankind," (note the word "salvation") and admitted in his autobiography to a boundless hatred of the "bourgeoisie," directing the most virulent scorn against parliamentary democracies such as the one under which he flourished. Sartre lost momentum a bit in the late 1950s perhaps, but as the 1960s advanced, with the Third World coming into its own and a new left-radicalism afoot in the West, he showed an even less appealing side of himself than earlier.

He reveled at the massacre of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics, as at the rampages of the Red Guards in China during the Cultural Revolution, writing in an exalted state, "Irrepressible violence is man recreating himself." Sartre probably glorified violence more than any other sedentary intellectual of our time, which is particularly interesting since the glorification of violence and force has historically been a defining trait of the right, not the left. It requires no great effort of the

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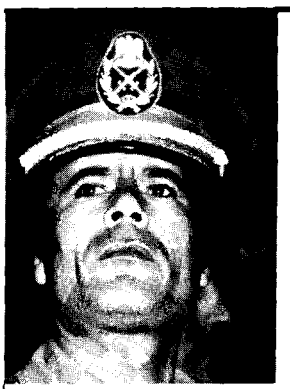
imagination—only a few circumstances changed here and there—to picture Sartre as a bloodthirsty café Nazi instead of a bloodthirsty café left-revolutionary.

Lottman's *The Left Bank* is a valuable book. It is filled with interesting stories, tracing the political thinking of a large number of French literary figures during a highly dramatic period: that of World War II with almost a decade on either side. Lottman's political judgment, in my view, is sound. He is critical of Fascists, Communists, and fellow-travelers of both camps, which is fair enough. But there is something odd about his focus. Of the ten writers to whom he devotes the most space, every single one of them was either a Communist, ex-Communist, infatuated at one time or another with the Soviet Union, or at the very least an enthusiastic supporter of Soviet-front organizations. I thought at first that this space allotment was dictated by how well known the respective French writers were in the United States, but found that the author to whom Lottman gives the most space is the late Louis Aragon, the French Communist Party's "Zhdanov," a member of the Party's central committee and its director of cultural affairs—but hardly a household name in America. Along with Malraux, Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, and Camus, we find in the book, not France's best poet, or most popular poet, but Paul Eluard, the poet laureate of the French Communist Party. We also find Ilya Ehrenburg, a foreigner and a writer of astonishing mediocrity but, after all, a Comintern agent. In the next group we find still more Communists, plus the Fascists: Robert Brasillach, who was shot for collaboration at the end of the war; Drieu La Rochelle, who committed suicide while sought by police for the same offense; Céline, who, in Denmark, somehow managed to beat the rap. It is almost as if Lottman, whose general political orientation I share, is so preoccupied with the enemies of our society that, for him, only they have glamor. As he points out himself, when these writers were hit by politics their work, in almost every case, declined sharply in both quality and quantity. What he does not point out is that he has left out of his book many of France's best writers.

Consider St. John Perse, a Nobel Prize winner, one of the greatest modern poets. Perse had a celebrated influence on T. S. Eliot, was translated into English by Eliot, W. H. Auden, Archibald MacLeish. Was Perse perhaps an unworldly man, a poetic dreamer? Under his real name, Alexis Léger, he was a pillar of the French Foreign Ministry and led its fight against appeasing Hitler. His name does not appear in Lottman's book. Consider Paul Claudel (Auden: "And will pardon Paul Claudel, pardons him for writing well"), another great poet and a veteran French diplomat, France's ambassador to Washington during the early 1930s. Consider Jean Giraudoux (*The Madwoman of Chaillot*), an elegant novelist and playwright, France's Information Minister as she faced the German assault in 1940. Consider Paul Valéry, still another great poet, active at the League of Nations. Consider Raymond Queneau (*Zazie in the Metro*), a powerful editor at France's leading literary publishing house, Gallimard, a member of the anti-German Resistance and a political moderate. Consider perhaps above all Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (*Night Flight, Flight to Arras, The Little Prince*)—in the immediate postwar period the French writer by far the most admired in the United States—who despised both Communism and Fascism with all his heart and who died in World War II *pour la France*. All these men are barely touched on by Lottman, or are consigned to lists. Most of these literary stylists who began their careers before World War II were tories of one sort or another. They wrote better than Lottman's people (not always apparent in translation). They received greater public support. They at no time fell head over heels in love with Joseph Stalin, or with Adolf Hitler. Many were public men, and occupied positions of high responsibility in a democratic nation. But they do not interest Mr. Lottman. His book is a fascinating piece of social history, but it is all Upton Sinclair, and no William Faulkner. It is all Harriet Beecher Stowe, and no Herman Melville.

Why did some writers resist the siren calls of the far left and the far right—each extreme peddling its own version of a visionary, antidemocratic order? T. S. Eliot, whose world view was not my own, made the case that freedom was safest in the hands of tories like himself, and there is much in the French experience (by which he was much influenced) to support his thesis. Another attitude, that of Tocqueville, is that men of affairs of whatever persua-



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sion are better suited to make responsible democratic decisions than those whose activities are confined solely to the realm of ideas. *The Left Bank* does not ask or answer any of these questions.

The geographical Left Bank is simply that third of Paris that lies south of the Seine. But Lottman's "Left Bank," of which he conducts a stations-of-the-cross tour in his opening chapters, is a far smaller area than this, only about a square mile in size, running east along the river (judging by the book) from André Gide's old apartment on the Rue Vaneau to the Palais de la Mutualité near Place Maubert, and from the Seine inland to Boulevard Montparnasse. This territory really exists. It contains a tremendous concentration of France's institutions of higher learning and the offices of almost every major French publishing house. So to say that a French writer went to school in this district or published there is hardly a distinction; they almost all did. Some went further and worked in the neighborhood, which usually meant they were editors at a publishing house or intellectual journal, and many (often the same) also lived there, which sometimes amounted to a rough political statement.

It was cozy. The writers who frequented the quarter had "their" cafés (Flore, Deux Magots, etc.), "their" theater (the Vieux Colombier). When they were bad, Lottman tells us, they went to "their" jail (La Santé). They lived in constant contact with Paris's undergraduate population, which provided the troops at their rallies. (Imagine American writers and publishers clustered around Morningside Heights in Mark Rudd's glory days.) There is something in Lottman's Left Bank writers of the permanent undergraduate. They mooned around their old school district, campus radicals who never grew up, spared by circumstance from ever having to go out among the adult citizenry of their country. Moreover, Lottman even cheats a bit. He includes Céline, who neither lived nor worked anywhere near the Left Bank, and goes all the way down to Avenue de Breteuil to fetch in Drieu La Rochelle, passing on the way the offices of France's Prime Minister (within feet of Gide's apartment), then, all within a few hundred yards, the Chambre des Députés and no fewer than eight key government ministries including those of Defense and Foreign Affairs, at the last of which St. John Perse worked every day. To read Lottman's book you might think the great organ of the French daily press was *l'Humanité*, but it is a low-circulation official Communist sheet—with offices on the *Right Bank*. Sometimes it seems the "Left Bank" is a state of mind.

The "Left Bank" writers were a harum-scarum lot, estranged, irresponsible, most of them ready to fall for any dream merchant who came their way. Their careers make one wonder why it was ever assumed even in France that pure literary talent should translate into political wisdom. It was certainly not an idea of Alexis de Tocqueville. Louis-Ferdinand Céline (*Voyage to the End of Night*), the most brilliant of these French ecstatics, was first a Communist, then a Fascist, then a quite deranged anti-Semite, complaining to the Nazis that they weren't exterminating Jews fast enough, declaring that if he had a bayonet he would cut them to pieces in the street. (A present day literary disciple, Ché Guevara acolyte Regis DeBray, excused himself for a recent anti-Semitic remark by saying, "It's the Céline in me.") Jean-Paul Sartre was first an aesthete, then an enthusiastic "Communist fellow-traveler" (his own self-description), then a fervent celebrant of terrorism. André Malraux, his face twitching, lying wildly, careening about, aggrandized himself at every step, calling up apocalyptic visions, generally shaped to support whatever star was in the ascendant. At the outbreak of World War II, Léon-Paul Fargue was praying for a German victory to rid France of the popular playwright Henry Bernstein. (This would be like praying for Nazis to deliver us from Neil Simon.) In such company, Albert Camus appeared the soul of responsibility, solemnly siding with the West against Stalin. But afterward this decision deprived him of the admiration of many of his fellow Left Bank idealists.

It is an interesting development that the new French literary generation that has come forward in the last two decades or so—Regis Debray excepted—has given up its predecessor's claim to political sagacity, its members—Robbe-Grillet, Le Clezio, Nathalie Sarraute, Michel Butor—making no grand pronouncements on the destiny of humankind. But with literature still the traditional high-prestige avocation for French statesmen, the link between let-

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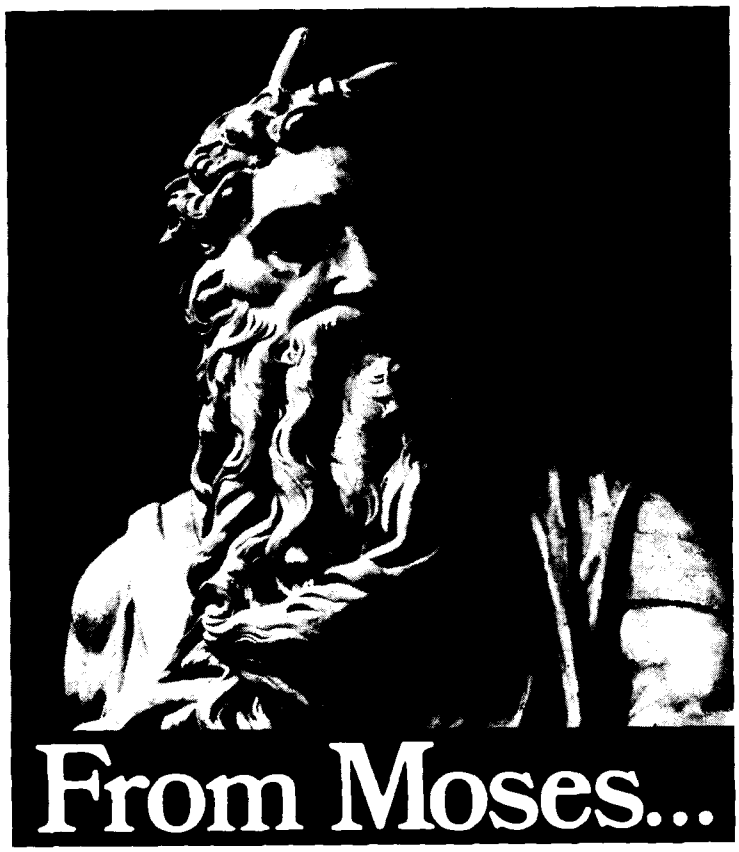

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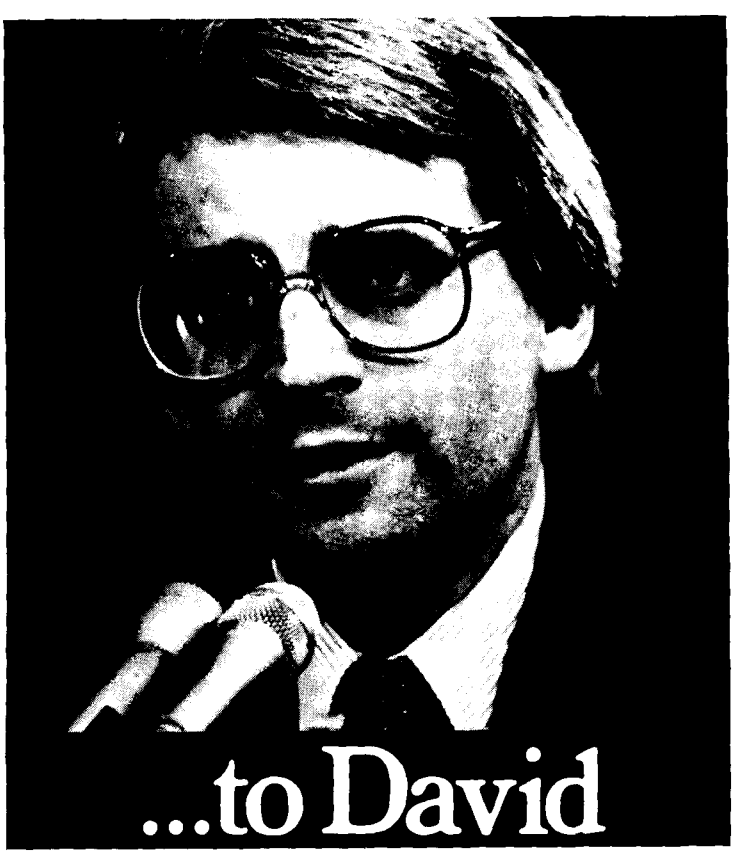

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ters and public affairs is far from broken. The reader with little direct knowledge of France might be surprised to hear that a fledgling writer has recently appeared on the Paris scene to put forward his claim to a position in the French literary pantheon: President François Mitterand. *The Wheat and the Chaff*, his intellectual journal, recently published in the United States, sets forth this claim in the most unmistakable manner. William Styron, in case we are in doubt, assures us in the introduction that Mitterand is a "literary man" with a "multifaceted literary gift" and the "sensibility of a first-rate novelist." The book, indeed, is absolutely awash in literary names: Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, Rilke, Thomas Mann, Emile Zola, Larmartine, Pablo Neruda, Gabriel García Marquez. . . . It is written in the most appalling style—"literary" in the very worst sense, filled with fine writing, misty valleys, birds taking wing. "Isn't death the ultimate confusion?" Mitterand asks. Of Anne Frank, author of *The Diary*, he writes:

> . . . that wonderful and heartbreaking undesirable, flower of life, poor corpse. It is of you that I am thinking as I write the word "forgive."

And it is of you, François Mitterand, that I am thinking when I write that in the struggle between the pragmatic politician and the man of letters, I pray to God that it is the politician who wins.

RICHARD GRENIER

Richard Grenier is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations. His novel, *The Marrakesh One-Two*, has just been nominated for the Book Critics Circle Award.

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS

Paradoxes of Power: The Military Establishment in the Eighties by Adam Yarmolinsky and Gregory D. Foster

(Indiana University Press, 160 pp., $15)

In 1971 Adam Yarmolinsky published *The Military Establishment: Its Impacts on American Society*, a long and none too friendly study of America's armed services and civilian defense agencies. It was compiled with the aid of numerous experts, many of them erstwhile "in-and-outers," academics who lent their services to the Kennedy Administration and then, during Vietnam, recoiled in horror from the Establishment they had once adorned. Ten years later Yarmolinsky, lawyer, scholar, and one-time Pentagon bureaucrat during the 1960s, has teamed up with Gregory Foster, a deputy area manager of Abt Associates (a Washington consulting group) to write *Paradoxes of Power*. Yarmolinsky, the principal author, describes this book as "a second look at an institution that I first looked at in detail more than a decade ago." It is a short, ambitious attempt to describe the fundamental ambiguities of American defense organization, its effects on America's society and economy, and the difficulties inherent in civilian control of the military. It concludes with a discussion of "alternative futures" and arms control—the prospects for reform and, indeed, for a reorientation of the defense establishment.

The Military Establishment remains a tendentious but useful study. The same, alas, cannot be said of this brief and incoherent sequel. Yarmolinsky's conclusion typifies both the style and substance of the book:

> . . . the size and shape of the United States military establishment is primarily a function of political, economic, and social developments. These developments are in turn affected by the interplay of the forces within and around the military establishment. A better understanding of these forces may help in making more intelligent public decisions about the resources and roles to be allocated to the United States military.

This is all true, to be sure, but it is nonetheless a bland, needlessly qualified statement of the obvious.

Some of the book's difficulty stems from its attempt to compress too much into 150 pages: more, however, results from the authors' failure to settle on an arresting or even a debatable theme. They never make clear which "paradoxes of power" interest them. They meander from topic to topic under such inchoate chapter headings as "The Establishment's Reach" and "Impacts on American Society." Only in their final chapter—a shrill call for salvation through arms control—do they take a clear stand on a controversial issue. In the seven preceding chapters they simply repeat their valid but anodyne assertion that the military establishment is very important indeed.

The authors do take a balanced view of most issues, and of their subject itself. They hasten to point out, again and again, that the Establishment forms no monolith, but is rather a conglomerate of jealous and fractious agencies, bureaus, and factions. Indeed, the authors make this point so well and at such length that one wonders why they use the term "establishment"—a vaguely menacing buzz word of the 1960s—at all.

The authors do not seek in any way to pillory or denounce the uniformed military services. For example, they are at pains to say that "the war in Southeast Asia was a tragedy initiated by civilians and persisted in by civilian decisions." They rightly insist on the need for tight civilian control of the military, although precisely what kind of control is necessary they fail to establish. At one point they speak in broad sociological terms of the incompatibility of military virtues and democratic values. Yet only a few pages later they write, "The principal limiting factor on civilian control is the refinement of so-called command and control technology." Thus, in one breath they describe a dilemma rooted in the very nature of politics and society: in another they say that we can resolve that dilemma by building better radios.

This confusion over the issue of civilian control has its roots in the authors' distaste for the very real differences between soldiers and civilians. They declare that the military has become—and

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will continue to become—ever more like the giant corporations that dominate the private sector; this is a development they seem to welcome. Now, this "civilianization" thesis—first propounded some two decades ago—deserves consideration, but hardly unquestioning agreement. It is by no means clear that the Army was that much less civilianized in bygone years than it is today. The experience of both world wars revealed many similarities between the organizational triumphs of American businessmen and American generals. Such landmarks of organizational theory as Chester Barnard's *The Functions of the Executive* (written in the interwar period) draw freely from military as well as civilian experience. Many observers noted a striking resemblance between Henry Ford's assembly lines and the impersonal but efficient basic training facilities of 1940-1945.

IT IS UNDENIABLE that the postwar expansion of the armed forces, the many consequences of the Vietnam War, and the advent of the all volunteer force disrupted traditional military society, including barrack life and the social composition of the officer corps. Ever since the mid-1970s, however (and some would say since the Army War College's 1970 study on military professionalism) the armed forces have begun to reverse, however subtly, the transformations of the 1960s. We see this trend most clearly in the Army, which has reverted in recent years to a much more traditional style, emphasizing physical training and spit and polish; this comes at the same time as the beginnings of a military intellectual renaissance (typified by Colonel Harry Summers's *On Strategy*, for example, or the new series of historical monographs emanating from the Army Command and General Staff School). In the 1960s Secretary of Defense McNamara initiated Project 100,000, an attempt to use military service to integrate into society the poor and undereducated: today, all of the armed services compete to take only promising and ambitious high school graduates.

Paradoxes of Power contains other, more egregious examples of its authors' acceptance of the platitudes and dogma of the current defense debate. The claims of the so-called military reformers, in particular, receive uncritical endorsement. The authors agree with the unproven and highly unlikely proposition that the defense establishment could somehow produce cheap, rugged, and effective weapons if only it put its mind to it. They applaud the substitution of "maneuver" for "attrition" strategy, failing again to explain how such a strategy would work in an area as congested as NATO's Central Front. In both cases the authors, intentionally or not, lend their support to the idea, which is as dubious as it is attractive, that military establishments can be at once inexpensive, small, and mighty.

Why such errors from men who should possess both practical and theoretical knowledge of the American defense establishment? The answer lies in their approach to defense and military organization, and above all in their refusal to accept the grim truth that war has its own imperatives, to which military institutions must adjust if they are to survive. Consider the introduction to *Paradoxes of Power*. In it, the authors list in order of priority five purposes of the defense establishment: to deter attacks on the United States and its allies; to deter and defend against low-level terrorism; to serve as an institution of social reform; and, last on their list, to "protect the United States from unforeseen dangers."

Indeed, the authors go one step further. In their concluding pages the authors look forward to the day when "the United States military can be converted from a war-fighting to a constabulary force." Thus, at heart the authors wish that the subject of their analysis would be something quite different from what it is. They reject the very premises on which a study of military thought and organization must rest.

Because the authors cannot accept the real and unchanging purpose of military organizations, which is to win wars, they fail to grapple with the complicated history and very real perplexities of American defense policy. Rather, as their very use of the term "military establishment" suggests, they view the military as a large and unsightly growth on the body politic, an anatomical protuberance whose functions are obscure and in all likelihood obsolete. Small wonder, then, that their book reflects only a bland and diffuse puzzlement.

ELIOT A. COHEN

Eliot A. Cohen is assistant professor of government at Harvard University.

BRIEF REVIEW

The Belarus Secret by John Loftus edited by Nathan Miller

(Knopf, 196 pp., $13.95)

This is not just another entry into the popular field of investigative journalism. Rather, the subject itself conjures incredulity: following World War II, certain U.S. government agencies systematically recruited Nazi collaborators from Eastern Europe, smuggled them into the United States, employed them in various anti-Soviet activities, and protected them from the considerable suspicion which they generated.

Belarus, like White Russia and White Rutheria, is another name for Byelorussia, homeland of the Nazi collaborators whose paths are followed in this book. The Germans regarded them so highly that they were permitted to form a quisling regime, and a combat brigade under the direction of the SS, which actually engaged U.S. troops towards the close of the war. Under the Nazi puppet regime, 25 percent of the Byelorussian civilian population was slaughtered, including nearly all of the 250,000 Jews.

None of this deterred the State Department's Office of Policy Coordination (O.P.C.). Operating in the postwar anti-Soviet climate and in an atmosphere of intense interagency rivalry which characterized the U.S. intelligence community at the time, O.P.C. director Frank G. Wisner actually had to compete with the British and French while recruiting the Byelorussian collaborators. In violation of Presidential directives prohibiting the admission of war criminals, O.P.C. operatives smuggled the Byelorussians into the United States, where they worked in the anti-Soviet propaganda field in such projects as Radio Liberty. Wisner also involved them in his elaborate and ill-fated schemes to overthrow the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

As the cold war receded, efforts turned to shielding the collaborators from exactly the type of investigation Loftus recounts here. Loftus reveals that earlier attempts to expose the Belarus secret by congressional commit-

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tees and other governmental agencies were illegally obstructed by the agencies under investigation, and by a program which routinely "sanitized" files on the Byelorussians so as to hide evidence of their incriminating Nazi past.

Loftus, a lawyer in private practice now in Boston, was part of the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations team which broke this case. The revelations first received national exposure in May of 1982 on a feature by Mike Wallace during the CBS news program "60 Minutes."

With the help of an editor and a title reminiscent of a Robert Ludlum thriller, Loftus in places attempts to imitate the style of a spy novel. *The Belarus Secret*, however, is weighted down by a jungle of acronyms and immense detail resulting from obviously thorough scholarship. As a nonfiction work it nonetheless contains all the intrigue of a spy story, with double and even triple agents, and U.S. intelligence agencies spying on one another.

This book tarnishes the images of some famous Americans, such as General George S. Patton, Nelson A. Rockefeller, and George A. Kennan. Patton was purposefully lax in pursuing de-Nazification programs, instead viewing the Germans as potential allies for a drive to "kick the Red Army back into Russia." Rockefeller, a special assistant to President Eisenhower for cold war strategy, coordinated all clandestine intelligence operations. Kennan, as chief of the State Department's policy planning staff, conceived of the O.P.C., helped determine its mission, and was aware of its utilization of Nazi collaborators from Eastern Europe.

Yet even more important than the tainted reputations of certain prominent individuals is the exposure of massive illegalities committed by our own government. Loftus concludes by cautioning that the Belarus secret is only the tip of the iceberg. Ongoing governmental investigations are likely to reveal a far more wide-ranging conspiracy.

DAVID LEVENFELD

David Levenfeld is community relations coordinator for American Israel Public Affairs Committee.

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

years later, Bishop Armstrong informs us that the statement was actually drafted by one of the other signers. What difference does that make?

Bishop Armstrong complains that I "did not bother to cite" his articles on Cuba in *The Christian Century*. Now I shall bother. He wrote there:

> Cuba may represent a threat to the uninformed in the United States, but it represents new life to millions of Cuban people. . . . People long exploited are finding pride in their nationhood and personhood. As one enthusiast said, "The revolution has done what the church has only talked about."

Similar statements can be found in his 1981 book, although, unlike the articles, the book also contains, as he claims, some criticisms of Cuba. What it does not contain, nor does any other of his writing that I have seen, is a simple repudiation of his earlier apologies for Cuba's political persecutions.

SAMOA REVISITED

To the editors:

Colin Turnbull asserts (Correspondence, TNR, July 4) that the refutation contained in my book *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth* rests on the application of my "Western Samoan data" to a "very different island" which I "recently visited for the first time." These assertions, to which Mr. Turnbull has apparently resorted in an attempt to negate the cogency of my refutation, are false, as anyone who has read my book with scholarly attention will know.

Ta'u, where Mead was in the mid-1920s, is very much a part of the Samoan archipelago, as she herself accepted, stating (in 1928) that in an "uncomplex, uniform culture like Samoa," she "felt justified in generalizing," i.e., about all Samoans. My refutation depends primarily on court records, Congressional Investigation Commission findings, etc., that refer specifically to the 1920s in the islands where Mead worked.

My own contact with Samoans who had lived in these islands at this period began in 1940, and, in 1967, I visited Ta'u to conduct systematic inquiries with numerous individuals whose memories of the 1920s were still detailed and vivid.

DEREK FREEMAN
Canberra, Australia

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The Shop-by-Mail Directory is a new feature in The New Republic. The directory will appear in the last issue of each month. If you are interested in advertising rates and information, call Theresa Miller or Hilary Kanter at (202) 331-7494 or write The New Republic Shop-by-Mail Directory, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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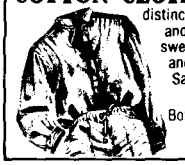

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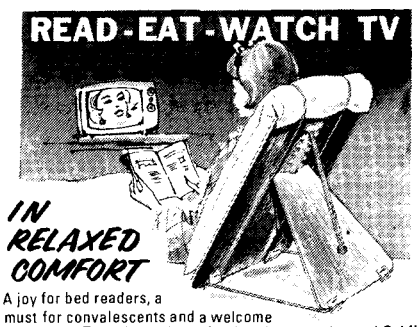

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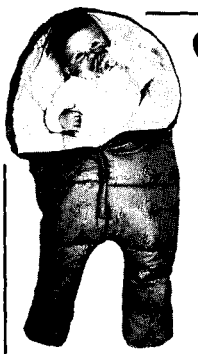

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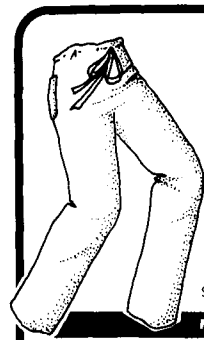

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

It Almost Doesn't Matter

"MY BUSINESS," wrote the curmudgeon of *fin de siècle* Vienna, Karl Kraus, "is to pin down the Age between quotation marks." He found the inadvertent but cosmic telltale confessions of his own time in the mass-circulation daily newspapers, offspring of the new literacy. We are more likely to find ours in the weekly news magazines, offspring of the new illiteracy. *Newsweek* has provided one that Kraus would have especially relished, illuminating as it does the ethos of both an era and a profession. I'm thinking, of course, of the Hitler diaries fiasco. In its May 16 cover story, *Newsweek* indignantly denounced the diaries as "a crude forgery." Two weeks before, also in a cover story, the magazine was laboriously demonstrating how the diaries altered our view of the Nazi epoch (as if even documents actually in Hitler's hand might somehow change the historical reality of Nazism). Nevertheless, "it is not surprising that the diaries haven't produced a 'smoking pistol' on the Holocaust . . . Hitler always made it clear that he himself would not be associated openly with the slaughter of the Jews. Thus he had no reason to write a confession into his diaries." This silly non sequitur assumes more than the authenticity of the confession: it assumes the honor of the confessor.

OF COURSE, THE SHADOW of inauthenticity hovered over the competitive publishing drama from the beginning, though apparently it was not so much scruples as parsimony that inhibited *Newsweek* from paying millions for the diaries. Its editors must have thought that in the end they had the best of all possible worlds: they'd print the provocative disclosures as news and still acknowledge that some people—the editors of TNR among them, by the way—were persuaded that the whole business was a hoax. Still, how to justify the hype—the full-page newspaper ads, the four-color cover, the thirteen pages of inside copy—for something that could be an invention? *Newsweek* answered its own predicament with what might be called the doctrine of factual irrelevance. Here is the doctrine as regards Hitler's diaries: "genuine or not, it almost doesn't matter in the end." Words so breathtakingly liberating should not be relegated to microfilm. Why not emblazen them on newspaper and magazine logos, according them the explicit honors their spirit already routinely receives?

AND NOT ONLY in the United States. Time was that John Le Carré spun tales and was content to call them fiction. He still spins tales, but he and his editors insist on calling them reporting. In a narrative of more than one hundred fifty inches stretched out over two sequential issues of the London Sunday newspaper *The Observer* (June 26 and July 3), Le Carré tells us the story told to him by one Fatmeh of how she and her two sons, Khalil and Mahmoud, were brutalized by Israeli soldiers and Phalange militiamen at the end of last year's Lebanon war. The article is illustrated with a photograph of a child of Khalil's age, but, curiously, not of Khalil himself. Never mind: in compensation, there are many compelling lines of dialogue, as if Le Carré had been there to hear them, which of course he was not. (Quotation marks no longer mean much in newspapers.) There are also pointed and poignant details: "Mahmoud received a massive blow on the forehead . . . a scar is there to be seen, and it is formed, either by chance or design, into a Star of David." The Scar of David, one might call it: Le Carré is of the symbolist school of journalists. That scar would be something to see, but again, alas, photographs are mysteriously unavailable. Near the end of his long account Le Carré asks, "Was Fatmeh telling the truth? Were any of them?" He understands enough of Arab culture to understand that no onus falls on lying, particularly in a sacred cause. Le Carré chooses, however, to believe that his informants were "telling the truth," and he continues: "But even if they were not, it would hardly matter. For the legend, finally, *is* the reality." To this sort of charlatanism even the respected *Observer* now lends its pages. It is a cruel charlatanism, too. For Le Carré writes of the Palestinians that "it is legend that will fortify their collective will and turn children into fighters for generations to come." But it is Le Carré who helps make the legend—and Le Carré, therefore, who helps make the fighters. Their own blood and that of their victims is on his imaginative but never imperiled head.

THE TRUTH DOES NOT even constrain the clergy, at least not the Reverend Andrew Young, Mayor of Atlanta. He has been telling some folk I know who *don't* make up stories that the only thing Morris Abrams ever did for civil rights was to help Martin Luther King Jr. fix a parking ticket. Psychologists would say that this is a bit of hyperbolic projection which suggests that a fix can still be arranged at City Hall. It also suggests that Young is to be trusted about as much as when last heard from, which was when Jimmy Carter, who long trusted even his brother, found he could trust him no longer. What Young said about Abrams is wrong, but the tale is meant to disqualify this brilliant and steadfast lawyer for racial justice from confirmation as a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. In another manifestation of the "doctrine of factual irrelevance," Senator Howard Metzenbaum, who would not leave so much as a leaf scar on the tree of public life were he to disappear from it, has conceded that nothing the nominee "can say or do or [has] done has any relevance" to his vote on confirmation. This is a more honest attitude than Young's because it does not deny Abrams's devotion to the cause of civil rights. But it too sidesteps the real objection of the black political leadership to Abrams and the President's other nominees, which is that they are against quotas—a position, by the way, that can not only coexist with support for racial equality but, some think (I among them), is required by it. The Democrats prefer to cast their argument in the form of a procedural dispute, denying that the President has the statutory right to name commissioners of his own choosing to a commission which hardly anyone remembers as existing at all a few weeks back. For the moment, black leaders will permit the Democrats to take refuge in the bureaucratic process. But the party will in the end be called to account for its effective support of quotas and busing, which neither the mass of Americans nor even the mass of Democrats supports. And then there will be no refuge at all.

M.P.

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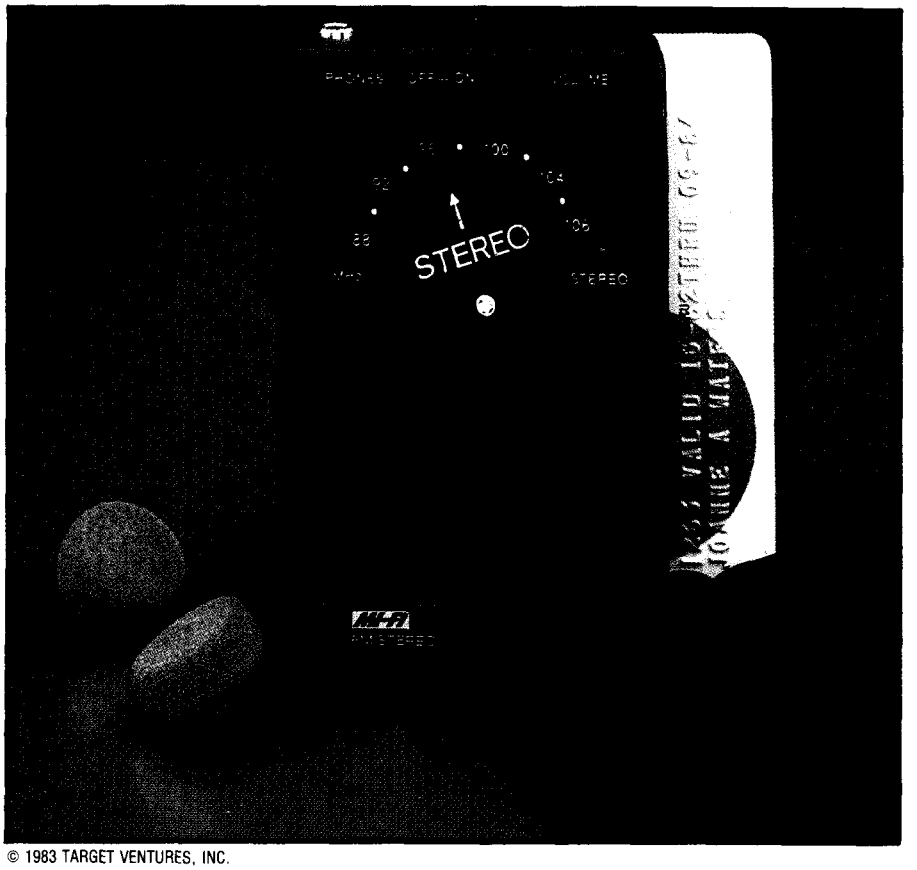

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Power Out: *30 mW per channel*
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